

HENRY AND HIS TRAVELS



A. C. WESTERGAARD



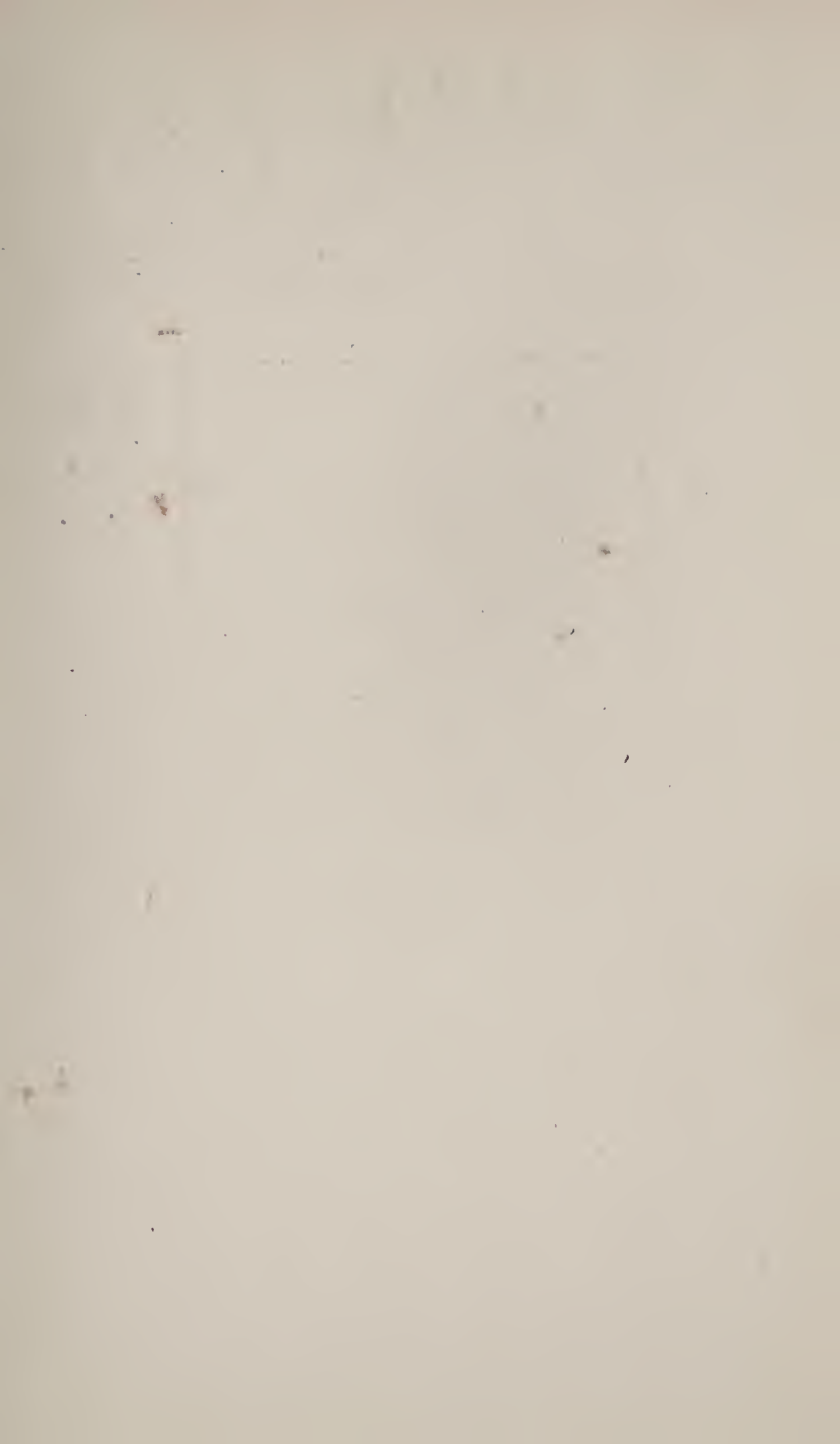
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HENRY AND HIS TRAVELS

A. C. WESTERGAARD



"NOW WE'LL SET OUT TO SEA," HE LAUGHED, SEIZING THE OARS.

[page 108]

HENRY AND HIS TRAVELS

BY

A. C. WESTERGAARD

TRANSLATED FROM THE DANISH BY
DANIEL KILHAM DODGE



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HENRY AND HIS TRAVELS

A. C. WESTERGAARD

HENRY AND HIS TRAVELS

I

A LITTLE MERCHANT

“**H**ENRY!”

“Yes, mother.”

“Do you remember what you promised me yesterday? I am so tired; I cannot do it myself.”

“What is it, mother?” Henry asked, turning in bed and looking at his mother with sleepy eyes.

“You promised to go out to Kahlenberg to the peasant Joshua. I would go myself, for he will cheat you; but I cannot climb up the hill. I am so tired.”

“You needn’t go. I shall go and he will not cheat me.”

Henry was now wide awake and in a moment was up and dressed.

“What do you want to sell?” he asked, as his

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mother gave him breakfast, a piece of dry black bread and a cup of weak tea.

"It is a dress."

"But you have only one dress, mother. You can't sell that."

"It is my wedding dress. It is the last thing we have left to sell. I have kept it so long, but now I must give it up."

"How much flour do you think I can get for it?"

"Possibly ten pounds. Do you think you can carry as much as that? It is a long walk."

"No trouble about that. I can carry more. What will you say when I come back with ten pounds of flour and ten pounds of potatoes?"

"You will not get as much as that, Henry. Joshua the peasant looks after himself before he thinks of others."

"I'll make him shell out, mother. I am a man."

Henry had finished his breakfast and was ready for the expedition.

"Here is the dress," said his mother, and gave him a little bag. "Put the flour in the bag. But you must hurry. I shall not feel easy until you are home again. So many wicked people have

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come to Vienna since the War. Don't run and don't dawdle. Go, little Henry. You know the way and may God be with you."

It was a long way from Hohenbergstrasse to Kahlenberg and he had to walk. A street-car ticket cost seven crowns and his mother could not afford that. But he knew the way. For two years Joshua the peasant had provided them with flour, potatoes, and turnips in exchange for bed-clothes, wearing apparel, silver and anything else that they could collect, and Henry had usually accompanied his mother. Now he was to go alone and bargain with Joshua. He was not a little proud of the charge.

Henry had once known better days and he had not forgotten them. They had had a large apartment and pretty furniture and always plenty to eat. They had had a maid and his mother took him out for a walk almost every day. But then the War came and his father had to serve for he was a major. Henry remembered it very clearly; he would never forget how his mother put her arms about his father's neck and wept. He cried, too, because his mother cried but his father said that he would soon come back.

But he did not return; he never returned. A few days after his father had left his mother

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wept more bitterly than when she had said farewell and she took Henry on her lap and told him that his father would not return—that he was dead—shot—and that they had buried him up in the eternal snow. And his mother wept many days and he wept with her for he had loved his father who was always so kind to him.

A short time after they moved to another apartment with only two rooms and his mother sold most of their furniture. He had not understood why they should move and why the pretty things should be sold but when he asked the reason his mother kissed him and said that they were poor. He understood it better now that he was twelve years old and had seen much since then.

They had moved once more and had sold many more things. They lived now in a small room under the roof, which served as kitchen, dining room, and bedroom. But as long as his mother was there he did not mind it. It was too bad that everything was so expensive. His mother had her pension but it was very small. She took in sewing, too, but she did not always have work and was poorly paid. They could not get milk nor meat, butter nor fat. All that they could afford was bread—black bread—turnips, once in a

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while potatoes, and, as a special treat for Sunday, a piece of sausage. But only a small piece cost a hundred crowns, so it was not every Sunday that they could afford such a luxury.

Henry marched off with his precious package, up one street and down another. Once in a while he would glance at the street cars as they thundered by and tried to reckon out how long it would take them to reach the foot of the hill. But this problem did not occupy his thoughts long, for there was something else that interested him much more.

Far, far to the north of Germany there was a little country that was called Denmark, and up there were many children from Vienna, boys and girls. Every month a train went up there with many hundreds of children and they stayed there three, four months. He knew six who had been in Denmark, and their account of their visit sounded like a fairy tale. There must be mountains of food in Denmark, milk, butter, meat, eggs, and many other things, and you could get all you wanted to eat and it cost almost nothing. Erich said that it cost only twenty heller to ride on a street car, while in Vienna it cost seven crowns, and food was in the same proportion.

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If only he might go to Denmark; but that was not so easy; there were too many on the list. His mother had tried but at the Hofburg they had said that they could not promise anything. Some went to Holland and others to Switzerland, but he wished to go to Denmark. In two months Erich, his chum, was going back there—perhaps to stay for six months.

It was not until he stood at the foot of Kahlenberg that his thoughts turned from Denmark which he had never seen but of which he had heard much. Now the hardest part of the trip was left—climbing the hill. The most direct way was straight up along the vineyards and through the forest. But he did not dare do this, for if he lost his way in the forest, he might not get home until dark and his mother would worry. It was best to follow the road which wound up in wide curves. Up! up! past the villas, soon above the villas in whose gardens the first spring flowers were peeping forth. Up! up! past the slanting vineyards and wheat fields. A peep down over the city where the houses already appeared so small, then under the fir trees which cut off the view and left nothing but the sky to be seen. Forward and upward! No haste but a steady, advancing, sure gait. Henry is like a native

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mountaineer. He knows that he must husband his strength.

He does not rest until he finally stands on the top of Kahlenberg. He goes to see the lookout tower. His father once took him up in it. Then he looks at the swings and the merry-go-round. Everything is still but he imagines it all in motion, just as he saw it one Sunday afternoon when he came from Joshua the peasant with his mother. While he stands and looks at the merry-go-round he suddenly feels a gnawing emptiness in his stomach. He understands the feeling and wishes he had a piece of bread; that would give such relief—for a little while. But he has no bread. He must wait till he comes to Joshua; perhaps he will get a piece there, or else he can eat some flour. That helps, too.

The top of the hill is flat and extends a considerable distance. Henry walks to the east. Trees hide the view but he knows the way and he soon reaches the path that leads down to Joshua's house.

Forward and downward! No haste! It is harder to slip down than to climb up. But Henry knows this and his foothold is sure even where the path is steepest.

When Henry stood in Joshua's yard he began

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to consider what he should say but it was too late. Joshua stood before him.

“What do you want?”

Henry was startled but he quickly collected himself and answered firmly.

“Can I buy some flour?”

“Not with money!” said Joshua, stroking his thick beard. “But you may have something else?”

“Yes, I have a dress. It is mother’s and it is very handsome.”

Joshua immediately looked more amenable and asked Henry to enter the house. He showed the way and Henry followed him while he considered how much he ought to ask for the dress. In the low, dark room, the only window of which faced a steep, naked mountain wall, Henry unpacked the dress and handed it to Joshua who examined it carefully.

“Yes, it is not worth much. It is thin. But you can have four pounds for it.”

Joshua looked as if he were conferring a great favor in offering so much for it. But Henry grew quite pale with emotion. He had thought of at least ten pounds with some potatoes thrown in. But his mother had said that he should sell it for what Joshua would give. He did not know what to do.

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"That is too little," he stammered. "I can get more somewhere else."

"Then go somewhere else!" said Joshua, stroking his long yellow beard. "I did not send for you."

"I shall do so," answered Henry, briskly. But in the same moment he regretted having said it. Where could he go?

"Look at that rooster! He is hot-blooded!" Joshua murmured, at the same time examining the dress again. After the examination was ended he said: "You can have five pounds, but not a bit more."

"Then I will take the dress along with me," Henry said, stretching out his hand for it. He realized that Joshua could be moved and he was determined to try out with him.

"Will you make a fool of me, boy!" Joshua snarled. "I will give you seven pounds for it, nobody can give more. The dress is old and flour is high."

"I can easily get fifteen pounds for it," Henry said and looked at Joshua with determination.

Joshua changed his tactics. His voice grew mild and he blinked craftily.

"You lie, young fellow. But there is the making of a business man in you. I will give you ten

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pounds, that is because you are such a clever boy. Hurry and take it; that is good pay."

But Henry knew that he was a better match for Joshua than his mother had ever been and this discovery emboldened him to a further effort.

"I will not sell it for less than fifteen," he said, pretending to be indifferent.

"Have you lost your senses, boy!" cried Joshua, tearing his hair. "Fifteen pounds of flour for an old dress! Did you ever hear the like? You ought to be allowed to keep it but I will take it. Fifteen pounds, he is crazy!"

Henry followed and saw that he got the right weight. He did not trust Joshua. He was not satisfied until he had the bag on his shoulders.

"Will you give me a piece of bread?" he asked. "I am hungry and it is a long way home."

"Don't you want a little pig, too!" snarled Joshua. "Off with you! You have got enough and don't need to beg besides."

That was more than Henry could stand.

"Bloodsucker!" he cried. "I hate you; you have cheated mother! Every time she was here you cheated her. She never begged and neither have I. You have been well paid, much more than you deserved."

As Henry fired this last salute he was on his way

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out of the yard; and he did well to disappear, for Joshua was so enraged that he seized a stone and threw it at him.

"Now you can try to come again!" Joshua yelled after him. "I will break your arms and legs if you come again! Do you hear?"

"Yes!" Henry called back, his voice full of mischief. "I heard and I look forward to it."

"You are fresh," Joshua replied.

"I am only in a good humor," Henry answered back, and those were the last words spoken. Henry hurried down while Joshua, growling and scolding, went in to examine the dress again and to calculate how much he had made.

As soon as Henry thought that he was safe from Joshua he went up again to reach the path by which he had come. He felt so light and happy. He had made a good bargain; he would return with much more than his mother had expected. He whistled and sang. His hunger was forgotten, everything was glorious now. But his good humor sank when he found no way out but only a thick growth of raspberry bushes. He could not understand it, he had been so sure of himself. He looked around, trying to reckon out where he was but everything looked strange. Then he decided to begin to climb down. As soon as he

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reached the foot of the hill he would be able to find the right direction or he could ask the way.

Just after he had started he saw a figure below him. It was a little girl. He hurried in order to reach her. Perhaps she could tell him the way. But the little girl also hurried away and in spite of Henry's efforts the distance between them remained unchanged.

"Can't you wait?" he cried at last. "You needn't be afraid, I shan't hurt you. I only want to ask the way."

The girl looked back at him and stopped running and Henry was soon by her side.

"You ran fast. You must have thought I was an ogre," Henry said laughing.

The girl did not answer but glanced at the bag which lay in two evenly divided bundles over his shoulders. She carried a basket but it was empty.

"What do you have in your bag?" she asked.

"It is flour."

"Where did you get it?"

"From Joshua the peasant. But I paid for it—a fine dress of mother's."

After they had gone a little farther the girl said:

"I have been out too all day—and I have been many places but I did not get anything. I have

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nothing to pay with. I have only begged and that is not so easy."

"Why didn't you get something from home? The peasants don't give anything away."

"We have nothing to sell," the girl answered. "Mother is sick and father is out of work. We have sold so much that now there is nothing left and we have to beg. Beppo, my brother, begs on the streets, but I go out into the country and I sometimes get a little. To-day there was nothing but I'll try again to-morrow."

The little girl looked again at the bag and said:

"It was too bad I didn't get some flour. Mother is so sick and she can't eat the bread we have at home."

The little girl's voice was so sad that Henry began to think. Would it be wrong for him to give her a little of his flour? His mother would not be angry with him. Anyhow they had more than they had counted on.

"I will give you a little flour," he said, turning his head away.

"No, that is not worth while," the little girl said, "your father would be angry."

"Father is dead; he fell in the War. But if he had lived he would not have said anything. And mother will not say anything, she is so good."

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Henry stopped and lifted the bag from his shoulders.

“Haven’t you a bag or a piece of paper to put it in?”

The little girl shook her head. She had only her basket. Henry looked puzzled but he soon smiled.

“You can take off your apron, we will pour the flour in it and you can tie it up and put it into the basket.”

The girl quickly followed his directions. She took off her apron and spread it on the ground and Henry put the bag on the apron and opened it.

“I can’t give you half,” he said, “for we need it badly at home. But you will not go back empty-handed.”

Henry scooped the flour from the bag—just a little. He would have liked to give a good deal, but there was not much to take from. He measured with his eye what was in the apron and what was left in the bag, then he took out some more flour and tied up the bag again. The little girl hastened to tie the apron together around the costly gift.

“Thank you very much,” she said, “mother will be happy. But what is your name?”

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"My name is Henry Selmer, what is yours?"

"Maria."

They stood for a while looking at each other, then Maria said:

"I am hungry. Shan't we sit down and eat? I have a piece of bread in my pocket. Haven't you anything?"

No, Henry had nothing, but he had been hungry for a long time. It was already after noon and he had eaten nothing since breakfast.

Maria invited him to a feast. They sat under a couple of large beech trees from which there was a glorious view over the slope of the hill to the blue girdle of the Danube and a part of the swarm of roofs of Vienna. Up there they had their meal of only a single course, a piece of bread without butter, a piece of dry bread, but it tasted good because they were hungry.

"In a week I am going to Denmark," Maria said, with a happy smile. They had finished eating and enjoyed the rest.

"To Denmark!" Henry exclaimed, with a start. "Have you been there before?"

"Yes, four months, and I am going back to visit my old foster parents. It is the greatest fun and I get all I want to eat, meat and eggs and butter and fine white bread and milk. They

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have everything in Denmark. And, think, an egg costs only thirty hellers in Denmark; here it costs twenty crowns."

"What is your foster father?" Henry asked. He was a little inclined to envy Maria.

"He is a merchant. He has a big store and two horses and every Sunday we drive out into the country."

Maria saw Henry's despondent face and she immediately guessed what was the matter with him.

"Haven't you been in Denmark?" she asked.

"No," said Henry, keeping back the tears with difficulty. "I want to go so much. I have a friend who has been there and is going again. He has told me so much. But perhaps I shall get there. Mother has been at the Hofburg twice, but they could not promise anything."

"You ought to go there yourself," Maria said, nodding firmly. "That's what I did. There is a gentleman up there, I don't know his name, but he is tall and has no beard. He is so nice. When parents come he can say no, but not when there are children. I spoke to him and three days after I was told to get a doctor's certificate. You ought to go up there."

Henry listened full of interest and when Maria was silent he said:

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"I will try. But are there many people there? It isn't so easy to ask for a gentleman without a beard."

Henry laughed. He had regained his good humor and Maria laughed, too.

"You must go there between eleven and twelve," Maria said. "When you come up to the palace you must ask for the Danish children's commission. On the walls of the room that you go into flags are painted which show the way to the office. It is the Danish flag, a red flag with a white cross, and between the flags is a sign, 'Danish Children's Commission.' You can't miss it. There are a good many people there but you must speak to my friend and I am sure you will get away. If he is not there you can leave and come back another time."

Henry nodded. He could arrange all that if his mother would let him and she was sure to say yes, for she wanted him to go to Denmark.

They stayed a while longer, talking about the promised land that lay up toward the north. Maria told about everything she had seen. But Henry suddenly remembered that he had to go home where his mother was waiting for him. He sprang up and threw the bag over his shoulders.

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"Do you know the way to the street-car line?" he asked. "I had better go that way."

Maria led the way and she was such a good walker that Henry was put to it to keep up with her. They continued to talk about Denmark.

At the foot of the hill near the station they parted. They shook hands and Henry thanked Maria for what she had told him and Maria thanked him for the flour.

It was late before Henry reached home and his mother received him with a warm embrace.

"Henry, you must be hungry. I forgot to give you bread."

But Henry assured her that he had not missed it and then he began to tell about his trip, first of all about his bargaining with Joshua and then about Maria.

"It was right for me to give her some flour, was it not?" he asked, after he had finished his account. "She was so nice and she was so sorry that she had nothing."

"It was quite right," his mother said, "and, besides, you came home with much more than I had expected. It was well done, my boy, that you got so much from Joshua and that you could give the little girl something."

"Mother, Maria said that the peasants in

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Denmark are quite different from ours. They are so good, and many children are there from Vienna. They are called farmers and cotters and it is such fun to stay with them. If I could only go to Denmark and stay in the country! May I try to go up to the Hofburg? Perhaps I can get a place."

"I have been there twice," Mrs. Selmer said, "but perhaps you can succeed. Now you must drink a little tea and we will sleep on it."

"I am sure it will be all right if I can see the gentleman without a beard," Henry said and his mother laughed at his eagerness.

II

MEMORIES

WHEN Henry came home from school the day after his expedition to Kahlenberg his mother perceived that there was something that worried him and she immediately concluded that it was the excursion to Denmark.

“What troubles you, Henry?” she asked.

“We are going on a trip with Mr. Münther to-morrow to the Capuchin Church and to the Hofburg. We are to meet at eight o’clock. I am so glad, mother. I have never seen the imperial tombs.”

Of all his studies Henry was most interested in the history of Austria. His father had been an officer and a warm friendship had existed between him and the murdered crown prince, Franz Ferdinand, a friendship that had started at the officers’ school and had continued until the assassination in Serajevo of the crown prince and his wife.

Henry’s words reminded his mother of the

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happy time when her husband was alive and they had friends. They were not rich, indeed, almost poor; but it was a happy time. They had loved each other, their child, their home, and they had hoped that their good fortune would continue. The friendship of the crown prince and his wife had been a source of great joy to them; but this joy had had an abrupt ending, which augured the shipwreck of their own happiness.

Henry had eaten dinner at the American children's commission, which had one of its numerous stations in Hohenbergstrasse and for the moment he had only one desire—to get his mother to tell something about the time of the empire. But he knew that this wish was not easily fulfilled. His mother did not like to talk about that time. However, he would try.

“Mother, I wish you would tell me a little about the heir apparent, Archduke Franz Ferdinand. I can remember him and his wife and their children. Sophie was the oldest, then came Ernst, but there was another boy. What was his name?”

Mrs. Selmer drew her hand over her forehead and her face twitched with sorrow. But she forced herself to smile and said:

“He was named Max. But why shall I tell

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you? You are old enough to understand that it pains me to talk about those days."

"Yes, mother, but Mr. Münther told us to-day about the Emperor Franz Joseph and the heir apparent. He said that Austria would not have suffered so much if the heir apparent had lived and had become emperor instead of the Emperor Carl. Do you believe that?"

"I do not know," Mrs. Selmer said, "but I know that the Archduke was a good man and your father's best friend. And I know that your father was beside himself when he heard about the murder in Serajevo. But come and I will tell you the story. But you must promise me to take a walk when I have finished."

Mrs. Selmer sat on the edge of the bed and began to relate as follows:

"The friendship between your father and the heir apparent began long before I met your father. It was at the officers' school and at that time the Archduke was not yet heir apparent. He was chosen soon after the death of the Crown Prince Rudolph.

"The heir apparent was a reserved man. He had had an unhappy childhood and he never got over its effects. He once took your father into his confidence and asked him to be his friend. He

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said that he had never had a friend but that he must find one or else his gloomy thoughts would get the better of him. Their friendship lasted until it was ended by death. When the Archduke Franz Ferdinand was appointed heir apparent your father wished to withdraw from his relation of friendship with the future emperor, but the archduke would not permit it. He declared that he had more use for a friend then than ever before. The relation, therefore, remained unchanged and your father became the heir apparent's adjutant, a position that gave him much joy and aroused much envy in others.

"In a matter that was all-important for the heir apparent your father advised and supported him with all his might. It cost him his position as adjutant, but your father has told me that if he had been reduced to the ranks he would have given the same advice.

"As you know, a member of the imperial family may not marry beneath his station, least of all a future emperor. Therefore, people were troubled when they learned that the heir apparent had fallen in love with a court lady, Sophie von Chotek who, although she was of noble birth, was not a princess. The heir apparent went to the emperor and confessed to him and asked his per-

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mission to marry. But the emperor flew into a rage and commanded the heir apparent to go abroad and stay there until he had recovered from his madness.

“When the heir apparent went abroad he was accompanied by your father as his secretary. The heir apparent knew that Sophie Chotek’s mail was examined, so he did not dare to send her letters through the post office. But he could not give up his correspondence with her, so your father went back and forth with their messages. He had to disguise himself every time he crossed the frontier, but he said that the thought of the joy with which he was received by them made the journey short and the difficulties slight.

“The heir apparent’s journey abroad lasted a year. When he returned and again demanded the right to marry the woman he loved, the emperor yielded. But a short time afterward your father was appointed on the general staff and the heir apparent was told to choose another adjutant. In some way the emperor had learned that your father had been the archduke’s right-hand man. The archduke tried to prevent the transfer, but the emperor was immovable. It was at that time that I met your father.

“You have had a father to be proud of—good,

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brave, faithful and free from boasting. He told me nothing about his friendship with the archduke and Sophie von Hohenberg, as the archduke's wife was now called until one day he came and said:

“ ‘You must go with me to Konopischt. Will you be ready to-morrow at eight?’

“I knew that Konopischt was a palace that belonged to the archduke and that it was in Bohemia, but I could not understand why your father had so suddenly decided to go there. I must have shown my surprise, for your father smiled and gave me a card. On reading it I was no less surprised, for it read as follows:

“ ‘We have for a long time been expecting to see you and your future wife here at Kanopischt. Come this week! This is a command.

SOPHIE and FRANZ FERDINAND.’

“I did not know what to think and asked your father for an explanation when I first learned of his friendship with the archduke. I remember that I did not look forward to that visit with pleasure; it seemed to me too distinguished an acquaintance. But your father comforted me with the assurance that I would soon change my mind. The archduke was a reserved man, but genial and faithful to his friends, and Sophie von Hohen-

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berg was sincere and natural, a wife who lived and breathed for her husband.

“Finally I allowed myself to be persuaded. We spent three days at the wonderful Kanopischt, days that I shall never forget. I remember what the archduke said to me when I was presented and he saw my embarrassment: ‘I am your future husband’s friend, nothing else. Regard my wife and me as your friends—and forget the highnesses.’ And these were not mere words. They both loved your father and they could not do enough for us. We walked in the beautiful park, we drove up into the mountains and spent the evenings in the archduke’s study. All court etiquette was forgotten. ‘We will be human beings,’ the archduke said, ‘without regard to what the Hofburg may think.’

“Later, after your father and I were married, we often received an invitation to Belvedere, where the archduke and his wife spent a part of every year, or a card came announcing that they would visit us. Many were scandalized that the archduke should visit us and that we should be entertained at his palaces. They thought that there were enough noble officers for the archduke to interest himself in, instead of a poor officer of the middle class. But the archduke was faithful

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in his friendship, as was also Sophie von Hohenberg.

“Then came the frightful day when the archduke and his wife were murdered in Serajevo. One of your father’s fellow-officers brought us the news and your father was completely overcome. I wept, but your father could not weep. He was almost paralyzed with grief. ‘I must go out to the children,’ he groaned again and again. ‘They are at Kanopischt. The little Sophie cannot bear it, she is so delicate.’

“I tried in vain to restrain him. He drove in an automobile to Kanopischt, but when he arrived the children had been taken to the Hofburg. He then drove to Serajevo where he arrived in time to accompany the bodies to Vienna. That was a consolation.

“When the funeral took place in the chapel at the Hofburg, your father was one of the guard of honor by the coffin of the archduke. He never learned who had granted him this last dear service to his friend, but some thought that it was the emperor himself.”

Mrs. Selmer was silent and stared before her but Henry drew a deep breath and said:

“Mother, I remember the archduke and Sophie von Hohenberg. She was always so kind and

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friendly and so was the archduke. I especially remember the daughter Sophie. She kissed me once when I fell and hurt myself. That must have been at Belvedere. I remember another time at Belvedere. Little Sophie, Ernst, and I were alone in the nursery, playing, when the emperor came in. Sophie made a low curtsy and Ernst bowed but for the moment I could not think which I ought to do. So I stood straight and the emperor smiled and asked me my name and who my father was. But I had forgotten everything and could not answer and then the emperor laughed and asked if I was afraid of him."

Mrs. Selmer did not hear what Henry was saying. Her thoughts were far away. Her eyes were staring, her face had stiffened, the only sign of life was a slight quivering of the mouth. Henry looked at his mother and started. He could not bear to see his mother's grief. He leaned toward her, placed his hand over hers, and cried:

"Mother!"

The terror in Henry's voice recalled his mother to consciousness. She sighed, relaxed, and turning to him, said:

"What is the matter, my boy? I was away for a little while with your father, up in the mountain where the eternal snow lies. It helps

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me to go there once in a while in my thoughts. But you cannot understand that. We have so much that is hard to bear, Henry. What do you want?"

"I only want to say that you must not be sad. I shall soon be grown up and I shall work so that we can buy some pretty furniture again and get enough food. I shall always stay with you, so that you will not be alone."

"That is a good boy. But now go and leave me alone. You promised me to do that. When you return I shall be in a good humor again."

When Henry had left the house he considered where he should go—to the Meidlinger railroad station or to Schönbrunn Palace. It was not easy to make a choice. The station was no longer used and the broad space with the many tracks and old discarded locomotives was a fine playground for the boys of the neighborhood. But his mother's story made Schönbrunn appear more attractive than usual. The emperor had lived there and there the archduke and Sophie von Hohenberg had taken part in many entertainments. The choice finally fell on Schönbrunn.

At the end of Hohenbergstrasse there is an entrance to the palace park which was open to the public. Henry walked through the park to the

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great hall from the roof of which there is a wonderful view over the whole of Vienna and out towards the mountains surrounding it. Henry stopped and gazed at the roof. He wished that he might go up but it cost money; everything cost money.

“Do you wish to go up on the roof?” asked an elderly man, in a shiny, black suit and a uniform cap.

Henry shook his head and said in explanation:

“I would like to but I have no money.”

“No,” said the old man, shaking his head, “we have no more money in Austria. The War took it all. You are young. Perhaps you will see a new, splendid sunrise; but I am old. For me there is nothing but eternal night. How have we sinned that our punishment should be so severe?”

Henry could not answer but he looked at the old man and saw in his face the same grief, despair and hopelessness that he had seen in his mother's. And the old man stood and nodded his head as if there were many truths to be confirmed.

“See, my boy. I served in the palace down there for forty years. I was a valet and the old emperor often talked with me when no one was looking. Now the palace is only a museum. We

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have no emperor, all the servants have gone, only inquisitive people come to gaze and to rejoice that the old times have passed. They took pity on me and made me an inspector here in the park."

"Did you know the heir apparent and his wife, Sophie von Hohenberg?"

"I have often seen them," the old man said, "and I have talked with Sophie von Hohenberg. Her highness was always so kind. She was an angel and her children were lovely. Even the emperor finally grew fond of her. I once saw them walking where we are standing now and the emperor suddenly stopped and kissed Sophie von Hohenberg on the forehead."

"I knew the heir apparent and Sophie von Hohenberg," Henry said, "I visited them at Belvedere."

The old man looked astonished. His tired eyes examined Henry, but he found too many patches on his clothes.

"You must be lying," he said, striking the ground with his cane.

"No, I am not," Henry assured him eagerly, "I have been at Belvedere several times. And they visited us, too."

"Who is your father?" the old man asked.

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"Father was a major but he fell in the War. His name was Selmer."

"Selmer, Selmer!" The old man's face cleared. "Then I have seen your father. You are speaking the truth, my boy. He was the heir apparent's friend. He carried letters between him and Sophie Chotek. The emperor was angry with your father for a time, but when the heir apparent died the emperor wished to have your father stand guard at the bier. I know it."

The old man took Henry's head between his hands and tears poured down his cheeks.

"Major Selmer's son," he groaned, "and in patched clothes. There are many of us that have burdens to bear. Perhaps we shall be able to bear the burden until we are free and it is bright again. . . ."

The old man asked Henry where he lived and Henry told him all about his home which had grown poorer and poorer. He told also about his disappointed hope, the trip to Denmark of which he had heard so much.

"I have a grandson who is in Denmark," the old man said. "According to his letters, Denmark must be a wonderful country. It is too bad you cannot go there. But there are so many that it is not easy."

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The old man stood and gazed ahead of him and then said:

"Have you been at the Hofburg?"

"No, but mother has been there twice."

"Did she say that you were Major Selmer's son?"

"I do not know," Henry said. "But would that help?"

"Perhaps. There are still men in Austria faithful to the memory of the emperor. If they learn that you are Major Selmer's son I am sure you will go. . . . You must go there. We will go together. I will speak in your favor. Of course Major Selmer's son must go to Denmark. When can you go? To-morrow at eleven?"

"Yes, if mother will let me go." Henry's face beamed with joy at the prospect that his dream would be realized.

"We will go to see your mother," the old man said, looking at his watch. "I must learn where she lives. After you are gone I will visit her. I have still a little left from the old times and as long as I have something Major Selmer's wife shall not starve."

Henry looked at the old man and thought to himself that he had never seen so kind a face. Then he seized his hand and said:

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"Why are you so good to mother and me? You do not know us and you did not even know father."

"I have seen your father," the old man said, "and he was a handsome man. He was the friend of the heir apparent and Sophie von Hohenberg, and therefore I honor his memory."

It was a memorable evening for all three and it made them forget for a while the last wretched years. The old inspector and Mrs. Selmer talked and Henry listened. When the inspector finally took leave, it was determined that he and Henry should meet at one of the entrances to the palace the following morning at eleven.

"You will see that you go to Denmark," the old man said, as he started down the stairs.

"I believe so, too," Henry answered.

But his mother kissed his forehead.

"My boy so far away in a strange land," she said. "It is hard to imagine. But I shall be happy. You need good food, you are so pale and thin."

The old inspector called out good-by again. They replied and went in. Two chairs, a little table, a bed and a wardrobe—that was all that was left of a pretty home. No curtains at the

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windows, no bedspread, no tablecloth. Poverty showed everywhere.

“Mother, don’t you think that some time we shall be able to buy back some of the old furniture, father’s divan, for example?”

“I hope so,” Mrs. Selmer said, with a sigh, “but you must go to bed, Henry. It is late.”

III

AT THE HOFBURG

WITHOUT much difficulty Henry found the entrance, and he was soon joined by Mr. Gutmeister.

“Are you here?” Mr. Gutmeister said. “You have your recommendation from school?”

Henry gave it to him and they went up to the office. It was crowded with children and grown people and the officials had their hands full. Henry looked around for the gentleman without a beard. There he sat at a table. He had no beard.

Henry pulled the inspector's coat and said:

“There is the gentleman without a beard. Will you speak to him?”

The old inspector went up to the desk, saluted and presented his business. Henry stood by his side with beating heart. But the answer was not very reassuring:

“We will put his name on the list; but it will be a long time before he gets away, perhaps never.”

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“He is a son of Major Selmer, Henry Selmer. His father gave his life for his country and now his mother is so poor. It seems to me that he has a special claim.”

The gentleman at the desk leaned forward and took Henry's hand and spoke to him:

“So you are Henry Selmer's son! You shall go to Denmark on the first train, in a week.” He held his hand before his eyes a moment while Henry glowed with happiness. “Your father was my comrade,” the gentleman said. “Before the War I knew him only slightly but we joined the same regiment and he fell by my side. He was a good man and a brave soldier. Be like him. Of course you shall go to Denmark. I shall arrange it all. Now you must get a medical certificate and send it here.”

Henry and the old inspector thanked him but the gentleman at the desk shook old Gutmeister's hand and said:

“No, I must thank you because you looked after Henry Selmer's son. You have done me a service and I thank you.”

The inspector and Henry left the room and the latter was in such a hurry to carry the news home that his old friend could hardly keep up with him.

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"Wait a moment," the old inspector cried, "I want to go home with you and speak with your mother. Perhaps I can help her in some way."

During the following days Mrs. Selmer smiled and appeared happy while Henry was present, but when he was away she often struggled hard to keep back her tears and not always successfully. She rejoiced at his good fortune, but it was hard to think of his going away to a strange land—leaving her alone. She would not see him for several months and they had never been separated before for a single day. It pained her, too, to have to send him away like a poor boy, with patched clothes, old shoes, and almost entirely without underclothes. But it was necessary. She realized more clearly than ever before how poor they were. She was free from worry only when she slept, and many nights she could not sleep.

A few days before the departure Joseph Gutmeister and his wife called with a package for Henry. It contained a pair of stockings, a pair of trousers, and a cap.

"A suit was too expensive," the old inspector said, apologetically, "so we bought the stockings and the cap instead. That makes two pieces instead of one."

"How could you think of such a thing!" Mrs.

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Selmer said, her voice choked with tears. "It is too much. I can never repay you."

"Don't say anything about it!" Joseph Gutmeister said. "They did not cost much. We are alone, mother and I, and we have clothes enough from before the War."

They spent a pleasant evening together. The food was Spartan, consisting of black bread and tea, but a quiet joy pervaded the bare room. Two found joy in giving, two, in receiving.

"Good-by and many, many thanks," Mrs. Selmer said. "May God reward you for all your love."

"Farewell and thanks for receiving us. We are only plain folk, but we had our bright days when you had yours and we know and share your grief," the old inspector said, drawing his hand across his eyes. "In a few years I shall be no more; my time is past. God grant that the young people may do more than the old ones! We must do everything for our young people; on them rest the tasks that we neglected or failed to perform."

Mrs. Gutmeister took Mrs. Selmer's hand and whispered:

"You have a fine boy. Rejoice that he is going to Denmark where he can gain strength to withstand the winter."

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After their guests had left Mrs. Selmer said to Henry:

“Nobody is so poor as to be without friends, and we have ours. Do not forget to thank God and never forget those who are kind to you.”

And Henry nodded his head. He, too, felt that he had much to be thankful for.

IV

A DANISH HOME

THE owner of Kjaerholm, Henrik Lund, and his wife sat in the twilight, she with her knitting, he with his pipe. He had been talking about the day's work and what should be done on the morrow and she had listened, rejoicing over the energy that echoed in his speech. Then they had discussed their only child and their words were troubled. Carl was not strong. He had suffered many ailments, and they had consumed his strength and courage. Just now he was not ill, but his cheeks were pale and he complained all the time of feeling tired. He was far from being the robust boy they would have wished him to be.

"Do you know, mother," Henrik Lund finally said, "I believe he ought to have a companion to play around with. He is all the time with women and that is not the way for a twelve-year-old boy to live. You spoil him with your care. And you are not the worst one, either. Maren is quite

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impossible, the old pepper pot! She would be delighted to carry him around all day and would like to rock him to sleep every night. Yesterday when you were at the smith's I happened to go out into the kitchen and found Carl with one leg in a tub of warm water and Maren on her knees before him, taking off his other stocking. I asked them what they were doing and Maren explained that Carl had got his feet wet and that they must be warmed before he put on dry stockings. Then I imprudently asked if he was so weak that he could not take off his own stockings. But I was driven out with blessings that were sincere and powerful. I understood only cattle, not children. I was heartless, a monster, that did not love my own child. I did not hear any more for I ran away."

Mr. Lund laughed heartily at the thought of Maren's righteous wrath and his wife joined him. She knew that Maren did not mean anything with her angry words.

"Maren is all right," she said, "she has fussed over Carl since he was a baby and she loves him more than anybody else in the world. She is as good as gold and a splendid servant. But you know that just as well as I do and would not let her go for anything. I have worried too that

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Carl is without companions of his own age, for ever since Neils Frederick moved away, he has not had a single friend."

"I have an idea," Lund said. "We hear a lot about those starving boys in Vienna. Why not take one of about Carl's age? We have plenty of room and food and Carl would have a comrade whom he needs."

"But we cannot talk with a foreign boy," Mrs. Lund said, dropping her knitting in her lap.

"Not at first but we can make signs and everybody understands the sign language. It won't be long before a youngster learns to speak Danish when he does not hear any German. Let us decide to take one of these boys for Carl's sake and one that is not too quiet. I would like to see Carl come home with a torn coat or trousers."

Mrs. Lund smiled at her husband's eagerness. "You express yourself rather forcibly but fortunately I know you so well that I understand what you mean. You wish Carl to develop into a real man and you don't think the prospects are very good at present. Perhaps you are right. We can at least try what a little boy from Vienna can do."

"Then I shall telephone to Consul Besser-mann," Mr. Lund said. "He is in charge and meets the children at the border. I will ask him

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to send a regular little rascal who can turn Kjaerholm upside down. He must be able to find a boy like that in such a crowd."

"Be careful!" Mrs. Lund laughed. "I remember how you were as a boy, full of tricks from morning till night. Do you think I should be happy if Carl grew to be like that? I am not so sure. Your parents were not always delighted with you."

"Maybe not," Henrik Lund admitted, "but I don't believe that they often had cause to be ashamed of me. There was no malice in my monkeyshines. I really wish Carl to be shaken up. He needs to have his lungs filled with fresh air. A boy should be a boy and not a sissy."

Mr. Lund was interrupted by Maren who came shuffling in with the evening coffee and he told her about the expected visitor.

"Next Saturday a boy is coming here for the vacation for Carl to tumble about with."

Maren put down the tray and assumed her favorite position with her hands at her sides and her head slightly turned.

"Where is he coming from?" she asked.

"From Vienna, I believe."

"Where is Vienna? It isn't here in Jutland, is it?" Maren asked cautiously.

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"No, it is in Austria," Mr. Lund informed her.

"Oh! the dear child, it must be way down South," Maren exclaimed, clasping her hands. "How did you hear about him?" she asked suspiciously for Mr. Lund sometimes teased her and she was always ready for him.

"I don't know anything about him."

Maren was astonished. Then Mr. Lund explained to her how the children there needed help in order not to succumb to hunger. But these explanations did not improve Maren's temper. The country and its distress were too distant for her to grasp.

"Do you think, Henrik Lund," Maren said, "that it is right to take in a strange boy? These Spaniards, or whatever they are called, are so hot-headed. You run the risk of having the poor Carl half killed. And you don't know him. He may have fleas and other hopping and creeping creatures. An Austrian boy from Spain! No, Henrik Lund, you are queer at times. Yes, I know that you are my master, but you do have some strange notions."

"I thought you were fond of children and that you would be glad to have another boy to look after," Mr. Lund said, quietly. "It is really for Carl's sake that we are taking him. Carl

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needs a playmate to cheer him up. Don't you think so?"

But Maren refused to be influenced. Her hands were still on her hips and her expression was far from mild.

"Carl is a good boy," she said, "and it is a shame to make him go with a dirty, wicked monkey from the south. But what do you say, Marie Lund? Do you want to have a dirty boy in your clean beds?"

"Perhaps he isn't dirty, Maren," Mrs. Lund said, trying to pacify her old servant. "If he is dirty we can wash him. We have soap and water. You will see that everything will be all right and that Carl will be happy to have him."

"Well, I shan't wash him," Maren said, tossing her head. "You will be sorry. Carl is as good a boy as you can find, but there is no telling what will become of him if such a fellow comes here."

With these words Maren marched toward the door. But glancing back she saw a smile on Mr. Lund's face. Exasperated she turned around and exclaimed:

"You can laugh, Henrik Lund. I shan't wash him and if he has fleas you can hunt for them yourself. I was not hired for that sort of business."

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"You are so fond of teasing Maren," Mrs. Lund said, "can't you get over the habit?"

"Maybe, but she can't get along without it. You say yourself that she misses me when I am away from home for a few days."

"So she does. She is afraid something will happen to you and sometimes she makes me afraid, too."

Mr. and Mrs. Lund drank their coffee and discussed with great interest how they could make the strange boy feel at home, where he should sleep, and what would be needed for him. At last they went in to see if Carl was awake. He had not fallen asleep yet so they told him about his new playmate and asked him if he was not glad to have company.

"I don't know," was his answer.

V

THE CHILDREN'S TRAIN

THE great day had at last arrived. Henry woke up early. He had been traveling all night in his dreams, and several times he had been left behind at some station far from the boundary of the promised land. When he opened his eyes and discovered that he was still at home he felt relieved and promised himself that the dream should not be realized. But, wide awake, he was filled with joy. To-day, in seven or eight hours he would be at the station. There was the train and he would ride straight to Denmark, where it was so delightful.

Henry lay quiet for a while, he would not waken his mother. But the time passed so slowly. Finally he bent over his mother and kissed her on the forehead. When she opened her eyes he said:

"It is morning, mother, and I am going away to-day."

"Yes, this is the day for you to leave," his

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mother said, making an effort to smile. Then they lay and talked. Her words had an undercurrent of sadness but he was full of the joy of anticipation.

"Be a good boy and write to me," she begged. He promised, he was ready to promise anything. "Remember that you must always obey your foster parents and do not forget your prayers. And in happy Denmark you must not forget your own wretched country. If you become a good man your place will be here, where you can help your country. If you become a good for naught then it can get along without you and nobody will grieve if you forget your own country for another. I expect you to take after your father and you must never deny your fatherland."

Henry nodded confidently. He would never forget his country.

The old Meidlinger station which was usually empty and forsaken was full of life. The waiting room was a mass of humanity, in which jostled men, women, and children, all trying to get onto the platform. They were eager, hot, and laughing and they all looked as if they were bound for a special festivity. Outside of the station swarmed a crowd of people who could not get in.

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It was the children's day. All who were going away carried small cards on a string about their necks. This card admitted them to the train which would bear the lucky ones northward to the wonderland where there was an abundance of food and clothing and happiness. For weeks the children had been dreaming of this day and now it had arrived. Six hundred children were to take the train but the crowd numbered thousands.

"Only the children that are to go away may stay in the waiting room. All the others must go out! After the children have taken their places in the cars admission will be given to the platform."

The order was given three times but it was too late. Many could not obey the order, others would not. It was hard for parents to give up their children. Suddenly a commotion arose at the entrance. The Danish escorts took the offensive and without mercy turned out all those who were not going on the train. At first many protests were heard but when the people perceived the white bands with the Danish flags on the arms of the officials they submitted good-naturedly. They would endure more from the Danes than from their own people. When the waiting room had been cleared the Danes stood at the entrance and admitted only children with train cards. Boys

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and girls hastened down the steps to the platform, talking and laughing.

At the first platform stood a train consisting of ten large cars and a diner. The cars were numbered and the children who had their car numbers on their cards easily found their places. By half past two all the children were in the train and admission to the platform was granted to their friends. At a window in car Number 8 stood Henry, filled with the thought that he would soon be on his way from Vienna to Denmark.

"Are you happy, my boy?" his mother asked.

"Yes, mother, if you could only go with me it would be perfect."

"Do not think of me," his mother said, controlling her feelings. "While you are away I shall have so much to live on that I can eat as much as I want. You must not worry about me. But be sure to write to me about everything. Good-by, Henry. Be a good boy and do not forget me!"

The train glided slowly out of the station. The children shouted and waved their caps and handkerchiefs and small Danish flags. A powerful voice raised itself above the rest:

"Farewell, children of Austria! Come back safe and sound! Long live Denmark, the wonderland of the north!"

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As soon as the children learned that the leaders of the expedition spoke German they asked them thousands of questions, most of which could not be answered in the confusion. Many of them had never been outside of Vienna, so they had much to learn.

Henry stood in the passage by a window. He, too, had many questions to ask but for the moment he was so absorbed in the quickly shifting landscape that he did not find time to ask them. The rhythm of the train sounded in his ears like lively music and as it passed over the switches near the stations and rushed by the platforms at full speed with a roar he was filled with a dizzy joy and felt new strength that he had not known before. Henry felt a hand on his shoulder and turned. It was one of the conductors, an elderly man with a gray beard and firm but friendly eyes.

"What is your name?" he asked. His voice was mild, but it had an undertone of authority.

"My name is Henry Selmer." Henry thought that the strange gentleman's eyes reminded him of eyes that he had once known.

"You look like a fine fellow. Have you been in Denmark before?"

"No, this is the first time," Henry answered,

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still trying to remember of whom the eyes reminded him.

"Do you think you will be homesick?" the gentleman asked.

Henry shook his head:

"Not homesick, but I am sure I shall miss mother. She has nobody but me."

"Have you no father, my boy?"

Henry looked at the stranger's eyes. Now he knew why they seemed so familiar. They were just like his father's. It was strange that he had not thought of it right away. But that must be because it was so long since he had seen his father.

"Have you no father, my boy?" the stranger asked again, on receiving no reply.

"No, father fell in the War."

The conductor regretted having asked him and hastened to change the subject.

"Do you know what I am? I am a teacher. I am accustomed to boys and know how to treat them."

"Are we going through Czechia?" Henry asked. He could not resist the temptation to learn something.

"Yes, we shall. Are you afraid of the Czechs?"

"I am not afraid of them but I hate them. We

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hate them because they fell upon us in the rear. They are traitors."

The old teacher perceived the fire in Henry's eyes, the same fire he had seen in the eyes of grown people when they spoke of the Czechs. He did not like it for it implied dissension in the coming years.

"Do not use such heated words, Henry," he said. "You are too young to understand such things. Wait until you are grown up, when you may regard the Czechs more mildly. Then read their history and it will not appear so bad. They have dreamed of a freedom which they once possessed and which they have now regained. The Austrians would undoubtedly have acted in the same way if they had been seeking freedom."

When the teacher had ceased speaking Henry stood for a moment with his eyes fixed on the floor. Then he looked up again with flashing eyes.

"I am angry with the Czechs because they have made Austria a small country. We have no emperor any more and that is their fault, too. They fled from their banners and joined the enemy. Father would never have done that."

Henry's voice vibrated with passion and the old teacher changed the subject. He asked Henry

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about his school work and what studies he enjoyed most. Henry had always been fond of school and was only too glad to talk about it and his teachers.

The train stopped.

"That is Retz," the teacher said. "We shall soon leave Austria. I shall be relieved of my watch at six o'clock."

"Won't you come back?" Henry asked. He liked his new acquaintance and was sorry to have him leave.

"Yes, I shall come back at nine. There are two of us in each car and each of us is on duty for three hours."

The teacher left and Henry looked after him. Yes, his father's eyes were just like his. He wondered if his father would have said that the Czechs were not so bad.

Henry suddenly came to think of Maria. She was to go on this train and he wished to speak to her. But they were not allowed to leave the car and anyway it would be awkward to go into a car filled with girls. Just then a boy came in from the next car and said to the teacher:

"Will you please send two boys to the diner for bread and butter and tea?"

The teacher nodded to Henry and a tall, freckled boy, who stood near him.

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"Will you get the tea and bread and butter? They are in the first car."

The boys started off willingly and in the car before the diner Henry saw Maria.

"Are you here?" Maria said. "Then you must have seen the gentleman without a beard."

"Yes, I did. But it was another one who helped me. I must hurry. I must bring food. They say it is Danish food."

"It is," Maria said, "and you can be sure it tastes good."

The train slowed down and passed over a bridge across the river Thaja. At the same time the chief of the expedition, an Austrian major, walked through the car.

"All windows must be closed and kept closed as long as we are in Czechia!" he announced. "No child must talk with train officials or with any one else."

The diner was a baggage car, with a long table, a range and utensils of various kinds. There were boxes of provisions all around and a couple of wicker chairs at one side which looked as if they had got lost in the confusion. There were three ladies in long white smocks, who had been busy buttering great heaps of sandwiches. The steward who was sitting on a box looking tired out

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after his recent exertions, cried out in a thundering voice:

"What do you want?"

The boys were somewhat alarmed, but Henry discovered a sly twinkle behind the steward's eyeglasses.

"We are hungry," he replied, "very hungry."

"Are you?" the steward said, looking a little milder. "Can you make use of tea and sandwiches?"

"We can eat whatever we get," Henry answered, looking boldly at the steward.

"That is fine. To-morrow we shall have sweet soup. With such customers I don't suppose it will matter if it is burned."

Henry was given a pail of tea and the other boy a large basket of sandwiches and cakes with which they returned to their car. The teacher had not left when they got back and he directed the children to their places and the meal began. Every child had his own cup for the tea and was given plenty of sandwiches. They had good appetites and were in splendid spirits. During the meal they left Znaim and entered Czechia.

"If we were only in Germany," Henry said to the freckled boy. "I do not like the Czechs."

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“Why not?” the other one asked. “I was born in Czechia and my father came from Prague.”

Henry hastened to attack his sandwich again, to avoid answering and the freckled boy did not repeat his question.

VI

AN ENEMY

THE train stopped at Iglau on a side track without the locomotive. The conductor protested but the station master only shrugged his shoulders. The conductor threatened but the station master again shrugged his shoulders. He had orders; there was nothing to be done about it.

The conductor gave orders for the train officials to keep guard, half of them in the train, the other half outside, for he knew that the War had developed hatred between his people and the Czechs and that it had also brought many robbers. The diner was dark but in the other cars a lamp burned at either end. Most of the children were asleep. Henry lay on the floor with his head under one of the benches. He used his bag for a pillow and curled under a rag that the teacher had given him. But he could not sleep. They were in the enemies' land. Did the conductor expect an attack and could the Danish assistants defend

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the train? There were only twenty of them and many more Czechs might come. A door was opened and some one entered the car. Henry raised himself on his elbow in suspense and gazed towards the entrance. It was the conductor. It was not the Czechs that time, but they were sure to come. They were so cruel, he had heard, and hated the Austrians.

Finally he fell into a troubled doze in which he dreamed about his mother. But she suddenly left him and he found himself in a large, strange room. Some one entered and Henry immediately saw that it was a Czech. He was just about to spring on him when he woke up. He lay quiet, still oppressed by the discomfort of the dream and hardly venturing to breathe. Then he discovered a bare leg and a man examining the shelves above, holding a bag under his arm. Henry saw that the window was open and considered what he should do. He could not let the man run off with the baggage and yet he dared not attack him. Then he heard the teacher approaching. The stranger bent down under the seats to get out of the light where he came face to face with Henry.

"Shut your mouth, boy!" he whispered between his teeth, and Henry dared not disobey him, hoping, however, that the teacher would notice the

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open window and would come in to close it. For a few seconds they stared at each other without moving. Then the teacher grumbled at the open window and entered. Henry could not keep quiet longer.

"Look out!" he cried, and at the same moment the thief sprang up and tried to slip through the window. There was a brief struggle in which the teacher, in spite of his age, was victorious. He was tall and powerful, his opponent was a short, delicate, slender man who quickly yielded. The whole struggle was so quiet that it did not awaken all the occupants of the car.

"Henry, come out with me, the rest of you stay where you are," the teacher commanded, dragging his prisoner after him into the passage. "Henry, go and tell the conductor to come here."

But the prisoner begged to be released. He assured them that he had always been an honest man but that his family had had no food for two days and that his wife and children wept. He could not stand it any longer. Then he came to think that perhaps he could find something in the children's train.

"Can't I run away?" he implored. "I shall be put in prison and my children will die of hunger. I was looking only for food, nothing else."

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He spoke German fluently but with an accent that showed that it was not his usual speech. The men stood under a lamp and the teacher scanned the Czech's face keenly. Was he speaking the truth or was he a professional thief?

"What are you?" the teacher asked.

"I am a laborer on the railroad here in Iglau."

"Do you think it is right to steal from children whose parents are perhaps as poor as you are?" the teacher asked, frowning.

"I only wanted food," the prisoner repeated. "I knew that the children would now get all that they could eat, so it would not hurt if I took a little. Here we are just as hungry as they are in Austria. I was in the army and my wife and children starved. They are still starving and they will go on starving until they die. That is the way with war and after war with peace for poor people in many lands."

"Have you many children?" the teacher asked, rubbing his hand over his forehead as if he would rub something away.

"There are six. We had eight, but one died last winter and a little girl a month ago."

"Did they die of hunger?" the teacher asked. The words were muffled, as if he were afraid to speak them.

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"I don't know," the other answered. "They were hungry and cold. Perhaps they got sick from that. We had no doctor. Doctors and medicine are not for poor people." His voice sounded so weary, his face was seamed and flaccid, sure signs of hopeless poverty.

Henry looked at the teacher. What would he do? Would he give up the thief or let him go?

At last the teacher spoke.

"You may go. I dare not judge you. Come back to the train at six with a basket and I will give you some food. Let me have your address and maybe I can help you a little later. But I don't want any thanks, you must go right away."

The teacher hastened to open the door and go out, followed by the evening's guest. Henry saw the Czech grasp the teacher's hand and kiss it. Then he disappeared behind some cars and the teacher returned to the car.

"Now you can go back to sleep again, Henry," the teacher said.

"I am glad you let him go," Henry said.

"Are you? I was afraid you were sorry he got off. He was a Czech."

Henry reflected for a moment and then said:

"But I suppose there are good people among the Czechs. He looked so nice."

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"You shall see," the teacher said, putting his arm around Henry's shoulder. "The time will come when Austrians and Czechs will no longer be enemies. There are good people in both countries; but the people must learn that war brings sorrow and misery which last long after war. Always remember what you said yourself: there are good people among the Czechs."

It was near dawn and Henry thought that he might as well stay up but the teacher ordered him to go to bed. When he entered the car all the other boys were sleeping soundly and Henry soon joined them. But long before six most of them were awake again, laughing and talking. They asked a thousand questions, only a small part of which were answered. The teacher shook his head and laughed at his boys.

"Keep some of your questions until you reach Denmark!" he cried. "There will be more people there to answer."

"But they won't understand us there," the freckled boy said, asking more questions. He wanted to know if there were bears in Denmark and if the children went to school there as they did in Austria, for they didn't go to school in Italy.

When the train steamed out of Iglau a little after seven all the children had washed, the cars

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were cleaned up, and they were enjoying their breakfasts. Everything was in fine order and they were all happy.

Henry sat down in a corner. The train rocked him so gently that he fell asleep. Henry did not realize that he had fallen asleep until he heard his name called and noticed a hand on his shoulder.

"Now we are out of Czechia and in Germany, the Saxon Alps." Henry sprang up. It was the teacher. "We shall have supper now. I sent another boy in your place. But look out! There is the Elb and the mountains beyond."

The train ran along the left bank just above the river. On the opposite shore steep mountains rose, threatening to push the small houses of the valley out into the river. On the side on which the train ran there was just room enough for the rails. The blue-gray course of the Elb with its numerous small steamboats and freight barges curved in and out, following the course of the mountains, and at times the curves were so sharp that the train had to slow down.

"Now the sun is sinking behind the mountains," the teacher said. "It will soon be dark. When we reach Dresden it will be bedtime but then we shall have passed the mountains and the Elb."

Henry was not interested in supper and many

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others felt the same way. They used their eyes more than their teeth. But when they reached Dresden it was pitch dark and they were quite ready to obey the orders to go to bed. The train continued on its way north. The children lay in clusters on benches and on the floor, sleeping soundly. The guards went through the train and shook their heads at the mad speed. But the engineer gave orders for extra fuel, for the train was very late and they had to make up for lost time. The furious pace was kept up all night. The train stopped only to change engines and that took only six minutes; then it glided out again into the darkness, the wheels hammering their quick, rhythmical measure.

“Forward! Forward!” sang the many wheels. Through the night in dizzy haste went the train with its precious freight of six hundred children who were to gain strength to withstand a long, severe winter.

When the children awoke on the following morning the train was in Hanover and not far from Hamburg. “Are we in Denmark?” “When do we get to Denmark?” resounded the questions from big and little, from boys and girls. And this time the answer was: “We get there to-day. Most of you will reach your homes this evening.”

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And when their cards were exchanged for others on which stood the names and homes of their foster parents the leaders were again bombarded with questions. "What is my foster father's name?" "Where is Varde?" "Where is Holstebro?" "Do I go into the country?" "I would rather go to a town. Can't I come there?" "Is it far away to Skagen?"

"Where am I going?" Henry asked the teacher, when the confusion had subsided. The teacher took his card and read the address. "You are going out to the west coast. You will not be disappointed. Have you ever seen the ocean?"

Henry shook his head. He had never seen the ocean, but he had read about it.

"Do you know my foster father?" he asked.

The teacher smiled.

"I do not. I live in Jutland but over on the east coast. Your foster father is a farmer. You will have all the milk you can drink. That is something."

When the train crossed the border there was great excitement. All the windows were filled and a shout resounded through the train:

"Denmark! Denmark! We are in Denmark!"

VII

THE BOY FROM VIENNA

CARL did not know whether to be happy or not at the prospect of having a playmate; but after Maren had talked to him about it, forcibly and in detail, his ideas cleared up. He was not happy! Maren had used strong colors and had conjured up a multitude of plagues, some from the ten plagues of the Egyptians, others of a different but equally terrifying nature. And Carl had listened. With every new plague that Maren presented his eyes grew larger and when they could not grow any larger he began to tremble with horror over the evil days that were approaching him.

He passed the week wondering that the world could be so full of trouble. Maren was more considerate and friendly than ever but that did not make him any calmer. He felt like a prisoner doomed to death who is treated kindly because he has only a few more days to live.

Saturday arrived and the boy from Vienna was expected. Mr. Lund wished to drive to the sta-

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tion and Carl was to accompany him. He consented to go, but did not regard it as a pleasure trip and his eyes sought Maren's. She understood him and before they drove off she took him aside and advised him, for the sake of cleanliness, not to sit too close to the strange boy.

"Shake your coat when you come home and give me your cap," she whispered, and Carl nodded gratefully. It was fortunate that he had Maren.

On the way to the station Mr. Lund tried to encourage Carl. He had discovered Maren's attempt to arouse his suspicions and realized that Carl did not regard the expected guest with friendly eyes. But all his efforts were of no avail. Carl remained tired and whimpering. He could not understand the foreign boy, could not talk with him or play with him. He did not like to sleep in the same room with him. Perhaps he snored and would keep him awake. If it had only been a girl, for girls were not so rough.

Through all that Carl said Mr. Lund could recognize Maren's voice and he began to grow angry.

"Listen, my boy," he said, looking severely at his son. "It is quite time for you to free yourself from Maren's apron strings, if you are ever going to stand on your own legs. You have been sick

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but now you are well and you cannot expect to be treated like a baby. You are a boy and you must talk and act like a boy. Crying and whimpering boys grow into weak, miserable men who are of no use anywhere. I hope for your sake that this boy will turn out to be a husky fellow who can tear you away from Maren."

Henrik Lund ceased speaking, but Carl did not want to hear any more. He cried from deep sympathy for himself and the more he cried the unhappier he felt. He continued to cry until they reached the station when he stopped, but without feeling any the less unhappy and aggrieved.

Henrik Lund found the boy from Vienna and a card hung on his neck showed that his name was Henry Selmer. He looked at him and smiled with satisfaction at seeing a pair of shining black eyes, an intelligent, handsome face, a determined expression about the mouth, dark hair and complexion. Putting his hands on his shoulders he bade him welcome and assured him that he would enjoy himself. Henry, although he did not understand the words, grasped the meaning, and replied in his own language. But Henrik Lund understood neither the words nor their meaning. He took the boy's small parcel and led him to the wagon and introduced the two boys. Henry

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smiled and shook Carl's hand, but Carl was very reserved, without a trace of a smile, wincing a little at the powerful grip.

On the way home the boys sat on the back seat and Carl was careful to keep a safe distance between them. In vain Henry tried to make himself understood. Carl was unapproachable. He could not understand him and would not try. Finally Henry gave up talking.

When the wagon drove up to the house Mrs. Lund was standing on the steps to receive them. In the stable door the three farm helpers stood and the kitchen-maid peeped out from the scullery, but Maren was nowhere to be seen. She remained in the house, angry and dignified.

"Here he is!" Mr. Lund cried. "Be kind to him. He is in a strange land. But I believe that he will bring good humor along with him. I think I can see it in his eyes."

Mrs. Lund took charge of her foster son and they immediately understood each other. She led him into the bedroom, poured water into the basin and pointed to it. He nodded and smiled and began a much-needed washing. When that was done they went into the dining room, where a meal was awaiting him. She pointed to a chair, then to the dishes, and he nodded and smiled again,

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sat down and started an attack on the food that was quite disconcerting to Mrs. Lund.

While Henry was eating Carl crept out into the kitchen to Maren. He sat down on the peat box and the despairing glance he gave his friend showed how gloomily he viewed the future. Maren was busily engaged in cleaning some knives which were already perfectly bright. She put them down and approached her favorite. She wished to hear something about the strange boy.

"Oh! you poor lamb!" Maren exclaimed. "Is he black? Is he a negro or lumat? When the Robert Benar went aground there was such a fellow on board. They said he was a lumatto or lamutto, or something like that. His father was white and his mother black, or the other way round, or both of them mixed. I don't remember exactly how it was but there was something wrong so that this fellow was a malutto or mulatto. They said he was a cannibal and people were afraid of him, but he did not eat anybody here. He was afraid of the judge, so he ate chickens instead. He stole all the chickens he could lay his hands on and cooked them out in the fields. Ole Vang's big dog was lost too and I am sure the mulatto ate him. It was such a handsome dog, spotted and with a bushy tail."

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When Maren had finished her terrifying story Carl was almost petrified with fear and he gasped for breath.

"I believe he is a mulatto, Maren," he whispered. "He is almost entirely black. Don't you think you ought to go in and look at him? You saw the other one and I am not sure there are such people in Austria. Please go in and I will stay here."

There were few things that Maren was unwilling to do for Carl. Moreover, her curiosity was aroused. Carl remained alone in the kitchen, greatly agitated. To think of sleeping in a room with a cannibal! How could his father and mother think of demanding it of him? Carl awaited Maren's return in suspense. He was afraid to stay in the kitchen alone or to get up and go out. He started at the slightest sound and cold shivers ran down his back. Finally Maren returned. Carl looked at her anxiously. What did she think?

"I don't know what sort of a fellow he is. He is dark but he does not look like the other one. But he may be a mulatto for all that. Perhaps his father is not so black or his mother not so white. It is not so easy to make out with those people down in the warm countries. I asked your

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father if the boy was just like us but he only laughed at me. But I am going to watch the fellow all the same. If he steals chickens then he is certainly a mulatto and I will tell your father."

"I am afraid of him, Maren," Carl said.

"You needn't be afraid," Maren replied. "I shall look after you. He shan't touch a hair of your head. He will get a beating. I shall attend to that, no matter how angry your father is."

Carl gave Maren a grateful glance and crept back to the dining room. It would soon be bedtime and he must sleep in the same room with the strange boy. Mrs. Lund followed the boys into the guest room, into which Carl's bed had been moved. In the middle of the floor stood a tin tub with warm water and Mrs. Lund by the help of signs made Henry understand that he was to bathe before going to bed. Then she lighted a candle, drew down the shades and said good-night.

Henry made another attempt to make friends with Carl but without success. Carl hurriedly undressed, crawled into bed and drew the blanket up so that only the top of his head was visible. Henry shook his head. He could not make out the other boy's behavior. Then he began to undress slowly, for although the room was small there were many things in it to examine. All his

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tiredness was gone; he was in the promised land. He breathed a fresh, cool air hitherto unknown to him. He had had plenty of good food to eat and his foster parents looked kind. They had stroked his hair and patted him on his cheek. They had spoken a good deal to him, too, but he could not understand them though they were certainly good and kind words.

Henry thought of his mother in the little room at home. If she were only with him and could get such food as he had eaten that evening. As he thought of his tired little mother his eyes filled with tears. Why should they have so much food here when there was none in Vienna? Ugly black bread, turnips, and once in a while potatoes, some days nothing. They could sometimes get meat but it cost many hundreds of crowns and his mother said they could not afford it. Now he would get plenty to eat but his mother would have nothing and she would grow still thinner and more tired. Henry sat down and began to cry. He felt that he had gone back on his mother—failed her. She had shared more than evenly with him; now he would be satisfied every day and she would be hungry. He controlled his weeping as well as he could. The boy over there should not see him cry but he could not stop.

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Carl lay in bed and wondered at its having grown so quiet. He wondered if the strange boy had gone to bed. He cautiously stuck his head out from under the covers. No, he was sitting on his bed and seemed to be crying. Carl raised himself and saw that the boy was crying with his face hidden in his hands. Then Carl forgot everything that Maren had told him. He threw aside the blanket and in a moment was by Henry's side with his arm around the other's shoulder.

"Why are you crying?" he asked. "Are you afraid? There is nothing to be afraid of."

He hugged his young companion and suddenly felt as if he were the stronger. But Henry cried still harder although Carl's friendliness comforted him. And Carl continued to speak to him. Henry could not understand what he said but every word brought them closer together.

Suddenly the door opened and in the doorway stood Maren with a candle in her hand.

"You poor lamb!" she exclaimed, almost dropping the candle, "do you stand here on the bare floor in your nightgown and embrace the mulatto? Go right to bed. Don't go near the fellow. He is no fit company for you."

Carl started up at Maren's appearance. Henry

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regarded the strange woman and immediately felt that she was not friendly to him.

"He was crying," Carl said, realizing that he must give an explanation.

But Maren was not in the humor to accept excuses. She cast a contemptuous glance at Carl and twisted her mouth.

"Let him cry, Carl. He might have stayed at home. What business has he here? Go to bed, Carl, you will catch cold, and remember not to go near him. He looks so black; that doesn't mean any good, believe me."

Maren took Carl by the hand and led him to his bed without resistance, tucking him in. But Henry sat, uncertain and depressed. He did not know who the tall old woman was but he felt that she did not like him; he could see that in her face. Then Maren came over to him, put the candle on the floor and began to examine his hair. The blood mounted to his cheeks. He understood what she was about and felt insulted. He could not stand that. He seized her hands, pushed them away and protested with a torrent of words, explaining that he was clean and that she had nothing to do with him, only his foster mother was to look after him.

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Maren did not understand him but his expression enraged her and she exclaimed:

“You beggarly little mulatto, are you fresh? Now you can see, Carl, what sort of fellow he is. Come here and let me look you over.”

But Henry did not stir from his place, partly because he had no idea of what she was saying.

“Won’t you come when I tell you to! You pretend that you don’t understand me. Well, I will teach you to understand.”

Henry crouched in defense, looking as if he were ready to spring at her. But then Maren suddenly was afraid and stepped back. The result of her retreat was fatal. She came too close to the tub, lost her balance and sat down with a shriek and a splash in the water intended for Henry. She tossed her hands about and cried and scolded while Henry laughed and Carl sat up in bed and cried.

While the confusion was at its height and before Maren could get out of the tub, Mr. and Mrs. Lund appeared on the scene. They had heard Maren scolding and had got up to see what was the matter. Their appearance had a soothing effect. Carl stopped crying, Henry felt secure and Maren got on her feet. She was silent. She was ashamed to have her master and mistress witness

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her blunder. But Mr. Lund could not help teasing her.

"Why, Maren," he said, "that water was intended for the strange boy and you go and bathe in it! Now it will really be your fault if he goes to bed without a bath for there is no more hot water."

Mr. Lund looked quite serious but Maren realized that he meant more than he said.

"I shall go away to-morrow," she said curtly. That was her favorite expression when anything went wrong.

"You won't really?" Mr. Lund answered, looking very distressed. "Why will you leave?"

"He will be the death of me, that boy," Maren said, nodding toward Henry.

"If he is going to drown you, Maren, he must get a much larger tub and he will have to dip you in quite a different style. But I think you had better go to your room and you can give notice to-morrow before noon."

Maren looked sullen but she realized that she had suffered a defeat and decided to beat a retreat in the best possible order. Casting a glance at Henry that showed him that her turn would come yet, she walked proudly out of the room—a martyr in a good cause.

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After she had gone Henry tried to explain by signs how she had fallen into the tub. He did not wish to be suspected of being responsible. Carl followed the account in suspense.

"I think that he pushed her in," he said, on the conclusion of Henry's dumb show. Maren's accident had affected him so deeply that his only thought was how to get rid of his new companion.

"I don't believe so," Mr. Lund said. "But even if he did there is nothing to be said about it. Maren had no business in here and she deserved a dipping. I hope it will do her good. Good-night!"

With these words they left. Mrs. Lund had been a silent witness and listener. She did not know what to believe. If Henry had pushed Maren into the tub it was unfortunate and he could cause them much trouble. But it was hard for her to believe him guilty.

The boys were again alone together. Carl assumed his former position under the bedclothes, certain that he and the strange boy would never be friends. To insult Maren seemed to him little short of sacrilege and he was more than ever convinced that Maren was right in her prophecies. Henry began again to undress and he was not half as happy over the promised land as he had ex-

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pected to be. The boy in the bed was unfriendly to him and the queer woman who appeared so suddenly was still more so. He missed his mother, too, and that was the worst of all. But he soon fell asleep, too worn out from the journey to keep his eyes open longer.

It was a long and terrifying night for Carl. He lay for a time perspiring and frightened by every sound. And when he finally fell asleep he wandered about in a world inhabited by all kinds of monsters which tried to kill him. He ran away, he fled by sea and he flew through the air; but every time he was about to escape from the horrible creatures he was stopped, and it was always the boy from Vienna that stopped him. He was a monster with long crooked arms, a big shaggy head, and enormous teeth that protruded from his mouth and a nose like an elephant's trunk. He was a cannibal.

Carl was captured, cooked, and eaten but was restored to life for a new pursuit and devouring. He endured all sorts of torments and there was no Maren to help him. At last towards dawn he was released after having been eaten five times.

VIII

THE SHORE GANG

WHEN Henry woke up the following morning his fairyland was bathed in sunlight and he went out and took possession of it. He walked around the stables and barn, across the meadows where green grain and golden flowers flashed their colors in his eyes, and down to the sea the color of which was a deeper hue than that of the sky and where the sand was so dazzlingly white that he blinked.

All his senses responded and he thought that this fairyland was far more wonderful than he had anticipated. Every day he went through the farm buildings, made friends with the calves and the small colts as well as with the mother cats and their bundles of kittens. Every day he ran over the meadows to see the farm hands and to get a ride, and there was no day, however stormy, that he did not go down to the beach. The ocean was the greatest and most wonderful thing in this fairyland, always alive even when it was calm,

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never the same color, but playing in gray, green, and blue and all the intermediate colors.

And his fairyland was inhabited by good people whom he came to love. First, there was Mrs. Lund, whose eyes were as mild and kind as his mother's and whose voice was soft and beautiful, and then his foster father whose eyes were always laughing and whose voice often sounded like a storm in the mountains. He took Henry on long drives and was careful to show him everything new and interesting.

Later he made other friends. The foreman Peter always went with his mouth full of tobacco which dripped down on his broad chin. And there was the scullery maid who shared with him the small pieces of candy which her mother gave her. One of the most important acquaintances was Mads Dyre, one of the oldest fishermen, and the merchant who chatted with him although at first they had a hard time understanding each other, and the coast guard and old Maren at the tollhouse. She would fry doughnuts for him in her little hut. There were many kind people in Henry's fairyland and he enjoyed meeting them, but the witch was not absent and he tried to avoid her as much as possible. But that was not so easy for she lived in the house. From the first day

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Maren was the witch in Henry's fairyland and the following days brought no change. Henry saw hatred in her eyes and heard it behind her words which he did not understand. And when he saw how careful she was of Carl and how mild her face grew when she spoke to him he knew that she was to blame for Carl's suspicion of him. This was Henry's great grief and disappointment, that Carl avoided him as much as he could. They were never together in the fields or at the beach. If Henry wished to go to the beach Carl preferred to stay home, and if Henry wished to stay home Carl went out, but alone. Carl was reserved and sullen and Henry did not know the reason for it except that Maren was behind it all.

Finally, Henry found friends on the beach and he learned Danish from them. It did not take him long to learn for he was both willing and industrious. Four of his new friends were his own countrymen. Robert and Joseph who were both twelve years old lived at the manse. It was their second visit to Denmark and they spoke the language like natives. When Henry sought for a Danish word or came to grief trying to make one up, they helped him and were tireless in teaching him. Erich was thirteen and lived at the merchant's. Although he had never been in Denmark

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before he felt perfectly at home and never tired of praising the Danish butter and wondering at the abundance of sugar, of which he always had a pocketful. Ferdinand lived with a fisherman and had been in Denmark before. He had mastered the language, but as he spoke the Jutish dialect it was often difficult for his companions to understand him.

Hans and Knud, the clergyman's sons, also belonged to the gang. Hans was fourteen and full of life. He was said to wear out a suit of clothes in two weeks. Knud who was twelve tried to follow his brother through thick and thin, which was not easy for him for he was fat and his legs were shorter than his brother's. Christian, the merchant's son, was the youngest. He was only eleven, but he had pluck enough for two, having been born and brought up by the seashore so that the freshness of the ocean and the strength of the northwest wind had entered his blood and given him unusual daring. The last member was Happy William. In keeping with his nickname he knew how to retain his good humor under all conditions and had a standing motto, "It will be all right." He was thirteen and his father was a well-to-do fisherman, and as William was the only child, he stayed at home.

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Henry became the ninth member of the gang. His countrymen introduced him and he was grateful to them because it was tedious always to be alone. But when Maren heard that he had joined the "crowd," as she called it, she nodded contentedly and said:

"That's where the mulatto belongs. Now Henrik Lund will soon have something to please him."

Henry joined the gang in troubled times. The winter before there had been war between the boys who were being prepared for confirmation and it had been continued through the spring until it had included almost all the boys from both parishes. Wherever they met there was a fight. The old parish had the largest number of boys but the newer one to the north could boast of some regular berserkers.

The first expedition in which Henry engaged was a piratical raid against the "dwarfs" to catch a bull. The leader of the dwarfs had sent word that if the "stumpies" appeared again he would let loose his father's bull, so they could practice bull-fighting. The shore gang, the picked troops in the army of the stumpies, had replied that they would not be kept away if there were twenty bulls. But Peter Mortensen, the owner of the bull, when

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he heard the answer, had smiled slyly and said to his son:

“Tell them they may keep it if they can catch it.”

That was an offer that the gang could not refuse. The worst of it was that none of them were used to handling cattle but they would try anyhow. There was another difficulty, namely, that the bull must be taken out of the barn, and he was a cross fellow that was not accustomed to keep quiet when strangers came into his stall.

The day was chosen with special care. About a month after the challenge had been issued there was a wedding in the new parish and the boys knew that Peter Mortensen and his whole family would attend the festivities. The gang arranged to meet on the beach at nine o'clock. Henry was on hand punctually and he had a good conscience for Mr. Lund had given him permission to go. He had asked what they were going to do and Henry had explained as well as he could without making his foster father any the wiser.

“Is everything ready?” Hans asked when they were all gathered together. “How many pieces of rope have we?”

“Seven!” Christian answered. “Four for his legs, two for his horns and one for his nose-ring.”

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"Are they strong?" Hans asked.

"They are quite new," was the answer.

"Have we the bag to put over his head?"

"I have the bag here," Erich said.

"Are there cords to tie it with and a hole for the ring?"

"Yes," said Erich, who had made the bag.

"It will be all right! It will be all right!"

Happy William said, laughing and fairly dancing in his excitement.

Hans continued with his directions.

"When we come into the stall I will let him lick salt from my hand. We must fill the bag with fresh clover and perhaps add a little salt. When it is over his head you must be ready with the ropes. There must be a noose on each rope. When the ropes are all in position we will let the bull loose and go out through the west gate. At least two men must be on guard and they must not be taken by surprise."

"Isn't there anybody at home?" Knud asked.

"I don't think so," Hans replied. "They are invited for eight o'clock and Niels, the foreman, thought that they would milk before they went."

"What shall we do with the bull when we get him?" Erich asked.

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"The farmer at the manse said that we might put him in the stall there," Hans answered. "He can stay there until Peter Mortensen comes to get him."

"Are we going to let him have him? We can keep him if we can get him."

"No, we will not keep him," Hans said. "But if we can catch him we will ask money for him, say twenty crowns."

"That is not enough," Knud said. "We ought to get at least thirty."

"Well, let us say thirty," Hans said. "But let us first get hold of him."

"That will be all right," William said. "I believe we could take Peter Mortensen too. He is not very clever."

Hans gave the command to advance. They went along the beach. The sun was about to sink in the ocean and darkness was approaching. The downs stood like a dark wall towards the east and the shore was edged by white foam from the surf. From the ocean could be heard the drumming of two motor boats. Over the land flew the lapwings, their harsh cries drowning the other birds' voices and making themselves heard even above the barking of the watchdogs.

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Henry and Erich walked together whispering.

"Why is your foster brother never with you?" Erich asked.

"He has been sick and is not very strong."

"He must be a sissy."

"No, he isn't, but he is very quiet."

"I don't like him. I have met him a few times and he did not say a word."

"I like him," Henry said. "He can't help being sick. If you had been sick as long as he has you might be just as quiet."

There was a little pause. Then Erich said:

"How is your foster father? Will he punish you?"

"He has never punished me yet," Henry replied, laughing, "and I don't believe he ever will. I don't believe he can get mad. I have never seen him."

Hans commanded them to halt.

"We must have a spy to go up and see if everything is quiet. You had better go, Christian. They know you."

While they were waiting for Christian's return they made plans for the attack. Knud and Henry were to stand guard at the two gates. Christian was to tie the ropes on the horns, and Robert, Joseph, Erich and Ferdinand were to take care of

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the bull's legs and Happy William was to help Hans put the bag over his head and tie the rope in his nose ring.

They waited and waited, but no Christian appeared. Hans went up the road to look for him, but without success.

"I am afraid he has been caught," Hans said. "We must send another man, or better two, so that at least one can report."

Happy William and Knud were chosen and with a final warning to be cautious they disappeared. Quarter of an hour, half an hour passed, but no one returned.

"Are they crazy?" Hans asked. "Why don't they come?"

"They must have been caught," Erich said. "We must help them."

Hans was in despair and did not know what to do. Finally, he gave orders for a general advance. When they reached the west gate a shout resounded and all the people on the farm rushed out. In a moment the remainder of the gang was surrounded and had to surrender without resistance.

"You have come to bargain for a bull, have you?" Peter Mortensen said, laughing. "There were three other bargainers here, but they went

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over to the wedding and Christian Brask says that you will be welcome too."

"You are very kind," Hans forced himself to reply, "but we would rather go home."

"No you don't, Hans," Peter Mortensen replied, half stifled with laughter. "The other fellows are waiting for you. The business will go better with a cup of coffee and a cake. And your father is waiting for you too. He had great fun greeting the others."

They were received at the wedding with shouts of laughter and ironical questions:

"Did you buy the bull?" "How much did you offer for it?" "Did you buy by weight?"

Hans was scarlet with anger but Henry could not grasp the situation. He had been surprised that the owner of the bull should take it all as a joke and now he saw the clergyman sitting in a corner and apparently more amused than anybody else.

The owner of the farm, Christian Brask, came over and greeted his new guests, shaking every one by the hand and saying that he was glad to see them.

"I wish you would come in and drink a cup of coffee," he said and the clergyman added: "Yes,

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please do. You are out late and the night air is damp."

"Thank you, we don't need anything," Hans stammered.

"Of course you will," Niels Brask replied. "To be sure there is no bargain to be bound but you must not be disappointed because you failed to get what you wanted. Come and drink your coffee; perhaps you can agree with the owner after all."

The food was excellent—chocolate, coffee, cakes and tarts—and there was as much as any one wanted. At first the host encouraged them to eat and many others looked after the recently arrived guests, but after a while they attracted less attention. The men began to talk about the prices of horses and cows and the prospect of exporting their farm products, and the women gossiped about hats and dresses and about what this one and that one had said and done and why Maren Knudsen's maid had left so suddenly.

This gave the members of the gang a chance to talk together and Hans learned the cause of their defeat. Christian had run right into the arms of two farm laborers who had just come back. One of them had brought him over to the other farm and had given the alarm there and

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when Happy William and Knud came the whole crowd was there to receive them.

Suddenly Hans arose and followed by the others went in and thanked their host for their entertainment and asked if they might have leave to go now.

"Certainly, but I believe that Peter Mortensen would rather go along with you a piece, so that you don't stray out of your way and go back to his farm," Christian replied with marked seriousness.

But Hans turned to him and said:

"May I not borrow the wagon to drive home? I will come back with it right away."

The clergyman looked at his son. He thought it was a queer idea, but decided finally that perhaps it was a sort of vindication, that it would enable them to make a more dignified departure. Hans was used to driving and his father gave a reluctant consent, adding:

"See that you leave right away. It is late and your mother and I must soon go home."

Hans hurried out to harness the horse and the other members of the gang waited, wondering what plan he had formed. Why couldn't they just as well walk home? The wagon stood ready and the unsuccessful bull baiters took their places

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under the eyes of all the wedding guests who bombarded them with humorous questions.

The wagon drove away and after Peter Mortensen had assured himself that they were going in the right direction he turned to the clergyman and said:

"They are bright fellows but they did not get the bull."

"Yes, they are fine fellows but they fight too much with the boys up here."

"That doesn't mean anything," Peter Mortensen said. "It is mostly for fun. They are good friends at heart. They only want to try each other out."

"Are you sure the boys will not fool you?" the clergyman asked. He hardly knew himself why he asked.

"They can't come to the farm the way they drove," Peter Mortensen replied. "They might turn and drive back."

The wagon was not brought back by Hans but by Happy William, who entered the room, his face more beaming than ever.

"Hans wished me to thank his father for letting him have the wagon and to say to Peter Mortensen that he can buy a bull at the manse if he is without one and has the money to pay for it."

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After Happy William had delivered his message he disappeared quickly, leaving the wedding guests in an uproar.

"It is impossible," Peter Mortensen said at first. "They drove home; they did not turn back." Then he exclaimed: "They fooled me with the wagon. They stopped in the valley and took a short cut."

Peter Mortensen ran home followed by many others who wished to see if the boys had the last laugh. And they certainly had, for the bull was gone.

But in the cow stall at the manse an hour after midnight eight boys stood and looked at a bull.

"He followed very quietly," Christian said.

"Yes, after he got the bag over his head," Hans answered.

"Shall we let him have him for thirty crowns?" Hans asked.

"No, let's raise it to fifty in return for the wedding entertainment."

IX

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MR. AND MRS. LUND sat in the office a few days after the capture of the bull. Henry was at the beach and Carl was out in the kitchen with Maren. Mr. Lund had been working over his accounts, but when his wife came in he put down his pen for a chat, first about business and then about Maren, who grew more and more impossible.

“Can’t we let her go?” he asked. “She will be the ruin of Carl and will turn him into a dependent little creature with no will to stand up for himself. And then her hatred of Henry! If she could she would drive him away. Everything must turn about Carl. She would rather not have us talk to or about anybody else and all praise and recognition, in her opinion, should be kept for him. I don’t know whether to laugh or cry over it. Yesterday while she was cleaning the stove in here I told you that Henry was a bright boy and that it was a pleasure to have him about. I

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happened to glance towards her and it was evident that my words had not pleased her. After you had gone out she asked me if I had heard the story about Peter Mortensen's bull and Henry's connection with it. She said it quietly, as if it had no significance. That is the way she talks about Henry when she is not angry. I merely said yes. A moment later she said in the same quiet way that that evening Carl had helped her wash and hang up the clothes. He was a good boy. But I could not contain myself and said that I would rather have had Carl help catch the bull than do women's work. That was too much for Maren. She boiled over and told me that I cared more for the 'mulatto' than for my own boy. He was allowed to do everything while Carl could not do anything. You too spoiled Henry but not as badly as I did. We were unnatural parents. I sent her out of the room. She was quite unmanageable."

Mr. Lund was silent but he smiled when he saw his wife's troubled face.

"We cannot send her away, Henrik. She has been with us so long and she means well. I can see that she worships Carl and that it does him harm. But don't you think he will get over it when he grows older?"

"Let us hope so," Mr. Lund said. "I had hoped

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that Henry could draw him away from Maren's skirts but it does not seem to work that way. Maren has too much influence over him and she will not give him up willingly. I will not force Carl to go with Henry. That wouldn't do any good. But I should like to see them good friends and companions. It would help Carl."

"Would you have been pleased to have had Carl along to catch Peter Mortensen's bull?"

"Yes, why not? Peter Mortensen had challenged them to do it. And it was well done. I should be delighted if the day should ever come when Carl took part in such an expedition."

"What do you think about Henry's having formed a friendship with Mads Dyre? He is often with him in his home and at the beach."

"I would say that he need not be ashamed of such a friendship. Mads Dyre has a hard life. He was certainly sentenced innocently although he had to bear the shame and the punishment. Now he is a lonely man, lonelier than ever. If Henry's company can give him any pleasure so much the better."

"Carl is afraid of Mads Dyre," Mrs. Lund said.

"He has no reason to be afraid. If you consider him profoundly, not superficially, and if you are

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honest you must admit that he is a good man, better than many others. But people find it hard to forget."

"I wish that Henry's mother could come here," Mrs. Lund said, after a pause. "Whenever he receives a letter from her he grows so quiet. Yesterday he was crying. His mother has very little to live on. It must be hard for her."

"Yes, the War has caused much ruin. You can see that they used to be well off. If we could get her here it would be a small matter to find room and good food for her. But it is not easy to arrange."

"Can't we keep Henry a little longer?"

"I should be glad if it can be managed." Mr. Lund got up and paced up and down the room. "But one thing is certain, if Maren is not kind to him I will throw her out. She shall not decide who is to be in this house. And I won't stand for her quiet, innocent little remarks. You had better tell her."

"Does that matter?" Mrs. Lund asked. "None of us are so stupid as not to understand what she means, so there is no danger of her accomplishing anything by it. I think more highly of Henry every day and you can form your own opinion in spite of Maren's derogatory remarks."

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"All the same you must tell her that she must be careful not to say anything against Henry to Carl," Mr. Lund said, as he returned to his accounts.

Mads Dyre lived in a little cottage in the lee of the cliffs. He was about seventy years old but had not given up fishing. It was said that he could work harder than most younger men and that he could go without sleep for several days in the fishing season.

Mads Dyre's life story contained many dark chapters. He was born on the largest farm in the parish, an only child. For a time he had owned the farm himself; now he was a fisherman living in the most tumble-down hut in the parish. That was his road in life, always down, never upward. He had from his childhood loved the sea and had been attracted to it so strongly that when he was only fifteen he had begun to be a fisherman. His father was opposed to this, but it was Mads' only wish and was finally granted.

Those were wild days among the fishermen. When they started out they drank brandy, they drank at sea and drank when they returned. The peasants who drove down to the beach for codfish made payment in brandy. They could get a whole load for a jug of brandy. And when the fisher-

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men went out twice a year to collect their bills they drank so much brandy that they often had to sleep off their debauches in a ditch.

Mads Dyre was young and easily influenced when he started as a fisherman and after a short time he drank like his companions. After his parents' death he went on the farm but he could not exist without the sea. He kept up his fishing and drinking and neglected his farm so that every year it showed a deficit. But he did not realize it for he did not keep any accounts. Then he married a fisherman's daughter and for a time gave up brandy and was happy in his home.

But there was still every year a deficit. Although he no longer used his money for brandy, he gave and lent money to everybody that asked him for it, and his young wife did the same. She had come from a poor home and had been obliged to beg. Now she could give and she gave with both hands. But the farm was neglected. The receipts decreased and the expenses remained the same.

Finally they were forced to sell the farm and move into a small cottage. Those were hard times for Mads Dyre but he endured them without relapsing into his old habit of drinking. For he had his good young wife and a lovely boy whom

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he worshiped. He was still faithful to the sea and when he was not fishing he cultivated his little plot of land and for the first time in many years he was able to balance his accounts. He could still help others with small amounts but now he thought of the future of his family. The cottage became his palace of pleasure and when he looked at the farm that had once been his he was no longer troubled with the thought that those days of prosperity were past. He was a fisherman as he had always wanted to be and he had his wife and boy.

But his palace of pleasure fell in ruins. First death carried off his happy young wife and the year afterward his boy. He was left alone. Then he began to drink again. He attended to his fishing but the crops were neglected and he sold his cattle. He was a fisherman and he sought forgetfulness in brandy. This wild life lasted almost ten years, when he married a young fisherman's daughter from the neighborhood. He gave up drinking and resumed his farming. He felt that the old days had returned. He became the best fisherman along the shore and no one had better crops than he. He was elected president of the fisherman's association and a member of the parish council. He was highly respected as a substantial

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citizen. When another son was born he forgot the ten dark, wild years.

Eight years had passed when death appeared again and took first his wife and soon after the boy. They died at the same season and from the same sicknesses as his first wife and boy. At first he was utterly prostrated. But he soon sought consolation in brandy and grew wilder than ever. He drank with everybody, no company was too mean for him. But in his worst excesses he was never ill tempered and he was always ready to help anybody in need.

One night a farmhouse burned down. The day before two scissors grinders had passed through the parish and Mads had been with them. All three of them were examined by the magistrate but the scissors grinders had cleared themselves at Mads Dyre's expense. He was found guilty of arson and was sentenced to the penitentiary while the other two were released. Many persons thought that the sentence should have been reversed.

When Mads Dyre came out of the penitentiary he moved into the little hut back of the cliffs, a gray-haired man. He did not touch brandy but people said that he was queer. He talked to himself or to imaginary persons and he could not

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realize that his son was dead. In company he seldom spoke a word. He fished alone in his little boat. With his basket on his shoulders he went from house to house, selling his fish. But if any one invited him to stop for a cup of coffee he always replied:

“I must hurry. There is some one waiting for me at home.”

Mads Dyre sat in his little room, mending his net. By the window lay a big white cat in the sun, and a very independent hen with six small chickens walked about the floor, very much at home. The hen got tangled in the net and began to cackle.

“Now, you little strutter, what are you doing there?” Mads mumbled, carefully disentangling the hen from the net. “Nobody asked you. But you put your nose into everything. Take care that the fox doesn’t catch you some fine day. But you needn’t be afraid in here,” Mads said, as the hen gathered her chickens under her. “The fox won’t come in here. But you must be careful out of doors. Do you understand?”

The old white-bearded giant sat for a while at his work, then he went over to the window to the cat.

“Well, Pussy, is there no one?” The cat began to purr and moved her head caressingly across his

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hand. Mads looked out over the path and then began to pet the cat. "Don't you think he will come, Pussy? He hasn't been here for two days. He is such a fine little fellow. He reminds me of some one I used to know, only he is darker. But his spirit is the same. When one grows old one is so often alone, even among people. If the foreign little boy would only come, he is such good company."

Half an hour passed and both Mads and the cat fell asleep. Suddenly the cat roused herself, looked out, began to mew and sprang down. "What is the matter?" old Mads asked, sitting up. A little confused he looked at the cat, which had run out into the entry. But he heard steps outside and his guest entered with smiling eyes.

"Good day, Henry!" the old man said. "I am glad to see you. Didn't Carl want to come with you to-day?"

Henry shook his head, sat down on the bench and was soon joined by the cat. Old Mads Dyre's face brightened. He moved his chair nearer to the table, taking his net with him but dividing his attention between it and his guest.

"Won't you tell me a story?" Henry asked. "About shipwrecks?"

Mads Dyre was quite ready to respond and he

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told a number of stories of ships that had gone ashore and so interested were they both that almost the whole afternoon passed before either realized it.

"I must be off," Mads said, getting up. "I have to lay some sole nets, there are so many soles this season and they stay later than usual. Do you want to go along? It is a fine day."

"I'd love to," Henry said. "But I must ask leave to go."

Mads Dyre nodded.

"Hurry up. I will go down to the beach and get everything ready. At the same time ask if you may go out with me to-morrow morning after the nets. You can sleep here, for we start at three."

Henry ran off and was lucky enough to find Mr. Lund right away. But it was hard to get permission. Mr. Lund did not like the idea of Henry's spending the night at the hut. Finally he got leave on condition that he should hurry home as soon as they got back.

He dashed down to the beach and when he got there Mads Dyre had hauled his boat down to the water.

"We can start right off," Mads Dyre said, putting the cat, his constant companion, into the boat

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which he shoved out. "Now we'll set out to sea," he laughed, seizing the oars. Henry, who sat in the stern, had a strange feeling. It was the first time he had been in a boat. He looked down into the green cool water, he looked out to the west where sea and sky approached each other, and then back towards the coast where the cliffs grew smaller and smaller and the houses seemed like doll houses. For a moment he was afraid, but then he glanced at Mads Dyre who sat there so quietly and rowed so steadily and he felt relieved. There were no waves and the sea was almost as still as a mirror.

"Shall we far go?" Henry asked.

"Are you afraid?"

"No, I'm not afraid!" Henry answered and his happy face showed that he was telling the truth.

"We'll go out three miles," Mads said. "There were many soles last night. I had seventy in ten nets. We will row out all the way and start to set the nets from there."

Pussy came over to Henry, purring and licking her chops.

"She thinks we are going out to bring in the catch," Mads laughed, "and she expects some fish-bones. But she can't make out when we set the

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nets and when we bring them in. She will be disappointed to-day."

When they reached the place Mads Dyre threw out a buoy with a little pennant and explained to Henry that there must be a buoy where they began and where they stopped to show where the nets were. Then he began to put out the nets. It was a two-man job, but he did it alone. It was an hour before everything was clear and the sun was about to set.

"We must have a snack before we go to bed. We must get up at three. Do you think you can do it?" Mads looked at Henry and the latter nodded.

When they got home Mads made tea and Henry thought that it tasted fine. They had rusks with plenty of butter and Pussy had a piece of fish and some milk.

"Have you had enough to eat?" Mads asked, as Henry sat back in his chair with the cat on his lap.

"Yes, thank you," Henry said and the cat mewed.

"Then let's turn in," Mads said, pointing to the only bed. He would lie on the bench. Henry soon fell asleep. At half past two sharp Mads touched Henry's arm, saying:

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"Time to get up."

Henry hurried, for he was anxious to get out and see how large the catch was.

"We'll have a west wind," Mads said, "and that will be the end of the soles for this season. It is too bad, there were so many."

"Do you think we will many fish catch?" Henry asked, in his broken speech.

"I think so," Mads answered, "but we'll soon see."

The boat was off again with its crew, a man, a boy, and a cat. It was the first boat out and it had a good start before the next one was shoved off.

"We'll begin with the net farthest out and row towards the shore," Mads said and Henry nodded. But they could not find either the first or the last net. Nets and buoys had disappeared. "We set them here," Mads said, "but there are no nets to be seen."

Mads Dyre cruised about for an hour but the nets were not to be found. That same morning another boat returned without its nets. It was owned by five men and had lost seventy nets.

"It must be thieves again," the leader of the boat cried when he sprang ashore, and Mads Dyre,

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who was still on the beach with Henry, clenched his fists and exclaimed, shaking with anger:

“Can’t we catch them? I would give a couple of years of my life to get hold of them, stealing at sea and from poor folks.”

The other five men were just as angry as Mads and were agreed that something must be done about it. They followed Mads home to talk the matter over and Henry went with them.

When they had sat down the captain of the large boat, Jens Jensen, spoke as follows:

“I suspect where we can find the fellows. They don’t live in this parish but to the north in old Ane’s house. You know a couple of chaps came here once last winter. They were going to fish, they said, and they had a boat, but when we began the sole fishing they stayed home and said that they had not got their nets yet. Two weeks ago they set out twelve nets, but I have heard more than one say that they had not come by them honestly. They are not liked up there; people are afraid of them.”

“Can’t we go up and examine the house?” Mads asked. “I would know my nets and if they are there I will take them.”

“I have thought of another plan,” Jens Jensen said. “The last few nights we have not had good

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catches and I believe the nets have been meddled with by the same chaps that have stolen them. If we could catch them at it we could get them to confess their robbing the nets. Let us keep watch to-night and have the motor boat ready. Mads Dyre can lie a piece beyond the nets in his boat. As soon as he sees them he can signal with a lantern and we will hurry out with the motor boat. They can't get away because they have no sails."

When everything had been arranged they parted, after Jens Jensen had urged them not to say a word about the scheme to any one.

"May I go along?" Henry asked. He had listened attentively to all the discussion.

"Yes, if you wish, you may come here this evening at half past ten," Mads Dyre said.

X

A FRIENDSHIP IS FORMED

CARL did not understand exactly how it had happened but Maren had scolded him as he had never been scolded before. He had been out in the kitchen whittling and she had lost her temper. He had often whittled there without her having said a word about it. But this time she had said that he was ungrateful and that he was a poor body that could not stand anything. She had said a good deal more and she had quite overwhelmed him with her eloquence. He knew that Maren had a sharp tongue but she had never spoken like that to him before.

Carl went down to the beach, his feelings evenly divided between grief and anger. He considered whether he should beg Maren's pardon. He longed to be able to do something that would show Maren that he was not a booby but he did not know what it should be. If he only knew how to swim he would swim out beyond the last sand bar and there would be some one to see him

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do it and to tell Maren. Or he would take out a boat in a storm and Maren would see that he was not afraid. He might try to drive Knight, his father's new horse. He was pretty wild and Carl was not an accomplished driver but Maren would see that he was not afraid. Perhaps the best thing of all would be for him to fight some boy. But where was the boy and what sort of a showing could he make? He was not used to fighting.

Suddenly he saw four boys coming towards him from the north and he considered whether he should run away. They might be some of the dwarfs. But he quieted himself with the thought that he had had nothing to do with them and that they would not bother him. The first part of his calculation proved correct but not the second part. They were four dwarfs and as soon as they had reached Carl they surrounded him.

"You are our prisoner," the leader, Christian Mortensen, said.

"Leave me alone or I will tell my father," Carl exclaimed. But his answer was only a hearty laugh.

"Tell your father, tell your father! Will mother's darling tell tales?" one of them sneered.

"Have any of you a rope to tie his hands?" Christian asked, looking very much pleased.

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Carl reflected on all the day's troubles. He thought of trying to break through the ring but gave it up as hopeless. When they tied his hands he offered no resistance but only whimpered. They laughed at having captured a regular stumpy.

They walked north, all except Carl in fine spirits. After they had crossed the boundary between the two parishes they lay down on the sand and considered what they should do with their captive. They talked freely about the matter and Carl, who sat in the center of the group, grew more and more alarmed as the discussion continued.

"Can't we lock him up and keep him until the stumpies pay back the fifty crowns that father had to pay for his own bull?" Christian proposed.

"Suppose we tar and feather him," another one suggested, looking very serious.

"Why don't you let me go?" Carl asked, in a tearful voice. "I have never done anything to you."

"That may be so, young fellow," Christian answered. "But all of you down there are enemies and will be treated as enemies."

The discussion was continued, but they could not agree on any one plan. At last they began to

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quarrel. Christian wished to dress the prisoner in women's clothes and send him home, but the others thought that that would be letting him off too easily. Suddenly in the heat of the arguments a crowd of boys appeared to the north and Christian saw that it was the whole beach gang, nine in all.

"We must get out," he cried, springing up. "Come along!" he said to Carl, "or we will give you a licking the next time we see you."

The dwarfs fled to the south, but Carl did not follow them and he was soon joined by the gang. Henry untied his hands and Carl was happy enough to see him now. He laughed and thanked him and told how he had been captured and of the plans of the dwarfs. At last he asked if he might not join the gang and as Henry supported him warmly his request was granted.

"We must go after them," Hans said. "But let's fool them by going to the north. Then we can go among the dunes and try to reach them." An hour later the gang lay up on the dunes just above the dwarfs, who lay on the sand, thinking themselves safe from further attack. They were undressing for a swim.

"Wait," Christian, the merchant's son, whispered. "After they are out in the water run

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down and keep them from coming ashore. I'll be back in quarter of an hour and we'll have some sport."

As soon as the dwarfs were in the water the gang rushed down and took their stand near the clothes, assuring the other that they would take good care of them.

"You had better swim home," Hans cried. "It will be some time before you land here."

"What a lot of hippopotamuses," Happy William said, laughing, "you look like a zoo."

"Make yourselves at home and wash yourselves clean," Knud cried, "you must need it, your roads are so dusty."

The members of the gang made great fun of them and Carl joined in. He had his own private grievance to avenge. But the dwarfs stood in the water up to their waists, looking very foolish. They gazed longingly at their clothes but could not see any way of getting hold of them.

Then Christian appeared, pushing a little hand-cart and in the cart was the surprise, a fire hose.

"Now you can be bathed," Knud cried, "and you can get a shower bath, too."

The gang took off their shoes and stockings, the hose was put a little way out in the water and Joseph filled the reservoir. Knud and Christian

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pumped and Hans held the hose. The first stream struck Christian Mortensen squarely in the face and he tumbled over backwards with a shriek. Each of the others got a dose. They tried to protect themselves but as they had only their hands it was of no use. If one of them tried to slip away the stream was turned on him and he had to duck to escape. The members of the gang laughed so hard that they had to take turns at the pump and the reservoir. Finally Hans gave orders to stop pumping and started negotiations.

"Now you see how bathing is carried on here at the beach. If you care to you may come here every day and bring your friends along. But perhaps you are so clean that you won't need to bathe again this summer. Do you want to come ashore?"

"Yes," said Christian Mortensen, "we are cold."

"You can't expect a warm bath at this time of the year," Hans said. "You may come ashore on condition that you shake hands with Carl and beg his pardon for having taken him prisoner. Then you must kneel down in front of us and say: 'We poor dwarfs thank you for our punishment.' Do you understand?"

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"We won't do that!" Christian Mortensen cried.

"Pump!" Hans said. A stream rushed out and struck Christian. He threw out his arms and tried to keep his balance but he fell down. When he got up again, blowing and sputtering, he gave in. He did not want to swallow any more salt water. They shuffled ashore and one after the other shook Carl's hand and asked pardon.

"Kneel!" commanded Hans, while the hose was still pointed at them. "What are you to say?"

"We poor dwarfs thank you for our punishment," they stammered. But Christian Mortensen remained silent. A stream struck him. "Say it!" Hans cried and Christian cried back:

"We poor dwarfs thank you for our punishment." After that he was released.

"Put on your clothes!" Hans commanded and he did not have to repeat the command. In a few moments they were dressed and hurrying home. But the members of the gang were agreed that it was the jolliest afternoon they had had for a long time. They were drenched themselves but they did not mind that; they were used to it.

As it was almost supper time the boys separated. Henry and Carl went together and for the first time they talked freely. Carl told how

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he had been surprised and related the long discussion the dwarfs had had. They recalled with glee many of the scenes in the water. Henry told about his two fishing trips and the nets that had been lost and the plan to catch the thieves.

"Are you going out this evening with them?" Carl asked.

"Yes, if your father will let me go."

"Do you think it will be dangerous?" Carl asked. "They may shoot or run down the boat."

Henry thought not. They would probably try to get away. After a while Carl said:

"I wonder if I might go, too. I have never spoken to Mads Dyre."

"I am sure you may," Henry hastened to reply. He was at the same time surprised and delighted at the change in Carl and was determined to do everything in his power to get Mads Dyre's permission. When they came to the farm they met Mr. Lund, who had been in the stable. He looked at them in surprise. Carl had his arm in Henry's and they were talking eagerly together.

"Where did you come from?" he asked. "You look wet."

Carl blushed and was silent but Henry told about the encounter with the dwarfs and their miserable defeat.

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"And were you along, Carl?" Mr. Lund asked, when Henry had finished his account.

"Yes," Carl answered quietly, adding in a moment with more spirit: "It was such fun."

Mr. Lund nodded with satisfaction and laughed.

"I wish I had seen the performance. Hans and Christian are a couple of tough fellows. You can have plenty of fun with them."

Henry seized the opportunity to ask leave to stay out that night. Mr. Lund scratched his head and did not know what to say. But when Carl asked to go along on the expedition he clapped his hands together and exclaimed:

"Yes, of course you may! You may stay out all night and to-morrow, too. And if there is anything else you want to do just tell me. If you both come together I can almost promise you that I will not say no. I will talk to mother about it all and you can disappear as soon as you are ready."

As Henry and Carl were on their way to Mads Dyre's at ten o'clock they ran right into Maren who had been in the garden.

"Where are you going?" she asked harshly.

"To the beach," Henry replied.

"You can't go. At least you will stay here, Carl."

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Carl was about to obey her when he came to think of how Maren had treated him that morning.

"No, I won't," he said. "I am going with Henry."

Maren caught her breath. It was the first time Carl had ever opposed her. She was silent for a moment but then she cried out:

"What do you say, you bad boy? Haven't I told you to keep away from the mulattto? He will be the ruin of you. Some fine day he will beat you, but you will have yourself to thank for it. Come right in with me!"

Carl did not feel very brave. He tried to hide behind Henry and his whole body trembled.

"Come, Carl," Henry said, "we have leave to go and Maren has nothing to say about it. Let's go."

Henry took Carl's hand and drew him along. But Maren lost all control of herself.

"You black rascal!" she hissed and rushed at Henry. Before he could defend himself she had struck him a blow on his head. "I'll tell father that you hit Henry," Carl cried. "You have no right to do that."

"You can have some, too," Maren replied. But Carl ran away as fast as he could, leaving Henry

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behind him. They did not stop running until they were out of reach of Maren's long, crooked arms.

"Why is she so mean?" Henry asked. "I haven't done anything to her."

"I don't know," Carl answered, "but I will tell father that she struck you."

"Nein, you mustn't. She didn't hurt me. You mustn't tell on her."

At first Carl was afraid of Mads Dyre and kept close to Henry, but he was relieved when the fisherman brought out some hazel nuts from his chest and told his guests to eat as many as they wished. He smiled so good-naturedly that Carl forgot all the stories he had heard about the old hermit.

"It's fine to have a couple youngsters in the room," Mads Dyre said, nodding his head. "Come oftener. I have a few things that you can use and we can find something to talk about."

After they had sat for a little while Mads Dyre said:

"Now that there are three of us, Henry, you had better go in the motor boat. Two are enough in my boat, so Carl can go with me. That is the safest trip for we shan't meet the robbers."

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Henry had no objection to this arrangement for it would let him take part in the exciting chase to which he looked forward. Carl was not so enthusiastic. He did not like the idea of being separated from Henry but he did not feel that he could draw back.

A little after half past ten they went down to the beach where a number of fishermen had already gathered including the crew of the motor boat. As soon as they appeared Jens Jensen came over to them.

"Here is the telescope, Mads," he said. "You had better start right off. We are on the right track. The rascals have set two long nets. The only question is whether they will be satisfied with the soles they catch in the stolen nets or if they will go after the nets down here."

Mads Dyre was ready, but he had to make arrangements for Henry. There was no difficulty about that. Henry and Jens Jensen had often met on the beach, so that they were old acquaintances.

When the boat was ready to push off Carl stood for a moment and hesitated. He would have liked to run home but that would look foolish with so many people there. He trembled a little when he got into the little boat but he soon re-

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gained his courage and waved his hand to Henry.

It was tiresome waiting and the men whispered to one another about the robbers and the chances of catching them. An hour passed, an hour and a half. It couldn't be much longer. Henry stayed all the time by Jens Jensen's side and gazed out over the water, looking for the lantern. The people on the beach were about to give up when they saw the lantern waving to the north. The motor boat stood ready at the edge of the water and there were plenty of willing hands to shove it out.

"Up into the boat, Henry," Jens Jensen commanded and Henry did not wait for a second command.

The keel scraped along the sand and was soon bobbing up and down with deep water under her. The engine was started and the boat shot ahead on a northwest course. At the bow Jens Jensen stood on the lookout, with Henry close by his side. They went for some distance without a word, when Jens Jensen announced:

"Boat ahead! Turn farther to the north."

They continued to advance in silence. They could all see the boat now and it was evidently trying to escape. But the chances were uneven, a rowboat against a motor boat. The result was

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sure. Soon they were near enough to the boat to hail her.

"Ship your oars!" Jens Jensen roared to the fugitives and they obeyed the order. "How big a catch do you have?" he asked, when the boats lay alongside of each other.

"We have a hundred and twenty," was the reply.

"I suppose you were not through," Jens Jensen said, tauntingly.

The two unfortunate fishermen, both of them young men, glanced at each other without saying a word.

"How dare you steal from other people's nets?" Jens Jensen thundered. "Give up the catch!"

"Those are our own nets," one of them mumbled, but his voice did not sound very convincing.

"I'll give you your own nets," Jens Jensen cried, and before the other could offer any resistance Jensen bent over him, seized him by the collar and dragged him over into the motor boat. The robber tried to resist but Jens Jensen had gigantic strength and the other one soon cried out under the iron grip.

"Now you may look out," Jens Jensen said, and to Henry's horror he took hold of the prisoner

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by the legs and held him over the gunwale of the boat. He then dipped him half a dozen times so thoroughly that only the soles of his shoes were above water. When he drew the prisoner in again after the last ducking the latter sputtered and spat in every direction.

"Didn't you catch any soles?" Jens Jensen asked. "Possibly you couldn't find the nets. Hurry up and get through coughing and we will try again. There are lots of soles now, you may be able to catch some of them." He stood for a moment and looked at the fisherman and then he asked in a different tone of voice:

"Haven't you been stealing from our nets?" The prisoner protested and spat. "Well, then, you will have to look down at the fish again," Jens Jensen said, preparing to seize the fellow. "If you see any soles you can ask them if they haven't seen my nets."

"Let me be!" cried the captive, his whole body shaking from cold.

"Tell me where you have the nets you stole from us," Jens Jensen said. "But you had better hurry or I will throw you overboard to look for them."

"They are two miles due west from the church,"

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was the reply from the man in the boat, who was afraid that his turn would come next.

"Thank you for the news. We had better go and get them," Jens Jensen said, hauling the other man into the motor boat. "Come along; you can jump out and bring them in."

Just as the examination was ended Mads Dyre came to hear the result. They took him in tow but the thieves' boat was left to its own devices. The rest of the trip was quite peaceful. The thieves showed where the nets were, helped to draw them in and did not lay claim to a single one. Their only desire was to get out of Jens Jensen's clutches. And Jens Jensen had mercy on them. As soon as all the nets were in the boat he immediately grew milder and promised them that they might go away scot free. When they landed they were allowed to leave with a vigorous admonition that another time they would be more harshly treated.

"Hurry home to bed!" Mads Dyre said to Henry and Carl after the unfortunate fishermen had disappeared behind the dunes. They took their time on the way back as they had so much to talk about. The sun was already up before they reached home.

"That was a bully trip," Carl said, before

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he fell asleep, and Henry agreed with him. But Maren, who had heard them come home, promised herself that she would have a serious talk with Mr. and Mrs. Lund before Henry had been the ruin of Carl.

XI

GOOD NEWS

THE friendship between Henry and Carl came as a surprise to them and to all the family. Henrik Lund rubbed his hands together with delight, Mrs. Lund nodded happily every time she saw them together. But Maren was both grieved and angry. She saw less and less of Carl every day. She no longer comforted him in his small sorrows and his joys he shared with Henry. She felt almost as if she had nothing more to live for and she went about quietly, a mere shadow of the brisk, noisy Maren.

But Henry and Carl spent long, happy, sunny days together and were seldom apart. On the days that Carl had to go to school Henry accompanied him to the schoolhouse and met him there later. The other days they were together from the time that they sprang up in the morning until bedtime.

Henry was the leader and at times he was reckless. Carl admired him but as he was naturally cautious he often held back when Henry

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started off with dauntless courage. Henry would then coax him and it happened more and more frequently that he succeeded in getting Carl to follow him. As a rule there were no bad results but in case of an accident Henry was always at hand to make the best of it.

Finally Henrik Lund was allowed to see the torn trousers. It happened one day when Henry and Carl were down at the beach. They had had many adventures when they decided to climb up on the roof of a guard house. It was Henry's suggestion and he first helped Carl up. Then came the accident. There was a crash and Carl disappeared through the roof right up to his shoulders. He could not get either up or down and he complained bitterly. With considerable trouble Henry succeeded in hauling him up but there was not much left of the seat of his trousers and his jacket was badly torn. The trip home was not pleasant. Carl was very unhappy and serious and Henry was hardly less troubled. But Henrik Lund laughed when he heard the story and saw the trousers. He comforted Carl by telling him that those were his first torn trousers and that he had been a long time finding them.

The warm summer days and the light nights passed quickly and Henry and Carl could not

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understand what had become of them. The three months were soon over. One afternoon Henry and Carl were down at the beach. They had been out swimming and were enjoying a sun bath.

"Won't you stay here three months longer?" Carl asked. He had asked this question many times.

But Henry shook his head.

"I can't. Mother expects me and she would be sorry if I did not come. She has no one but me."

Carl continued to beg but he always got the same reply, "I can't."

Then he finally asked:

"Won't you come back after you have been home a little while?"

"Yes, I would like to do that," Henry said.

They sat for a long time without saying anything, filled with the thought of parting. Finally Henry broke the silence and suggested that they should pay Mads Dyre a visit. Carl was quite ready to go. Ever since the night he had spent with Mads in his boat he had lost all fear of him and had visited him often.

They found him busily engaged in mending a net but as soon as he saw them he put it aside.

"It was good of you to come to see me," he

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said. "Nobody else ever comes here. Mads Dyre's credit is not very good in this parish." He stirred about in the room, brushed the cat down from the chair and asked his guests to be seated. Then he got a pack of old, dirty cards and put it on the table.

"Shall we play a game?" he said. "Then we can make coffee."

They played cards in high glee. When Mads Dyre lost, his laughter sounded through the little room and when he won he was as happy as a little child. His eyes often rested on Henry and they were filled with a warm, deep glow. They played many games; they all won and they all lost. They played old maid, seven up, and hearts, and after the games they had coffee and rye bread.

While they were drinking their coffee steps sounded outside. Mads looked in surprise at the door.

"Are there more visitors?" he said. "Birds of a feather flock together." But when he saw the guests he stood up with a start. They were the two young thieves. They carried heavy sticks and had evidently not come on a friendly errand.

"Do you wish to speak to me?" Mads Dyre asked, looking calmly at them.

"We sure do," one of them answered. He was

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slender and was the victim of the ducking. "But can't the boys go? We can talk better without them." He glanced at the boys and it was evident that their presence interfered with their plans.

"We can't have anything to talk about that they can't hear," Mads Dyre said.

"They must go," the taller of the two said. He was broad as well as tall and had a threatening expression.

"It is my house," Mads Dyre said, smiling scornfully. "You had better go yourselves." He stood a moment in thought, then turned towards Henry and Carl. "You had better go. When I think of it I really have something to talk about with these two men." He nodded to them and his face was calm, without a sign of uneasiness.

"Let's go!" Carl whispered to Henry. He had recognized the two unexpected guests and was shaking all over. Henry had also recognized them and he was quite ready to leave, not from fear, but in order to get help. He saw that old Mads was in danger and that it was necessary to act promptly.

"Yes, let's go," he said. He went slowly and indifferently as if he were not concerned. Carl followed him and the cat sprang out. But as

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soon as they were out doors Henry appeared like another being.

"Come, we will run home and fetch your father," he said, and before Carl realized what he was doing Henry was far ahead. Near the woods he met the gang, eight in number. They were looking for some dwarfs who were visiting the parish. He quickly explained the situation to them and asked them to go to Mads Dyre's assistance and they were quite willing. While he ran towards Kjaerholm the company advanced double trot to Mads Dyre's house.

When Henry reached home he saw an automobile in front of the house, but he had not time to look at it closely. He rushed in, exclaiming:

"Is father here?"

When he saw him at the end of the table he rushed towards him and told him excitedly what had happened. He mixed Danish and German, correcting some words and repeating others, without stopping for breath.

It was not until he had finished his account that he took time to look at the strangers in the room. There were two gentlemen. One of them he did not know, but when he looked at the other one he was startled. It was the beardless gentleman from the Hofburg, the gentleman who had known

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his father. The stranger smiled and nodded and Henry went over and greeted him, surprised, but with his thoughts still on Mads Dyre.

Henrik Lund had sprung up, seizing his hat and arming himself with a heavy cane. He turned towards one of the gentlemen.

"Will you drive me down there, Consul Bessermann? There is no danger."

The consul was quite ready. In a few words he explained the situation to the Austrian gentleman and they all hurried out to the automobile.

"Do you want to go along?" the consul asked Henry.

"Yes, thank you," Henry answered.

After Henry and Carl had left Mads Dyre's house there was a lively discussion for a time among the three men. Mads Dyre stood at the end of the table with his arms crossed, looking at his two uninvited guests who were talking excitedly as if to raise their courage.

"You were the spy!" the slender one cried. "We know it. We were only looking for our own nets which you stole. But we will report you to the police."

"That would be fine!" Mads Dyre said, mockingly.

"We have come to beat you up," the tall one

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said, pounding the floor with his stick. "You were the leader but we will cure you of that."

"If you want to strike an old man you are welcome but I advise you to look out. It is a dangerous matter to assault any one. You may come to repent it." Mads Dyre did not take his eyes from them and was prepared to defend himself.

"That's all very well," the slender man said, sneeringly. "How long were you there? Where did you. . . ?"

He did not finish the sentence. Mads Dyre's fist struck him in the face and he stumbled back.

"Knock him down!" his victim cried. "He attacked us." He was very fierce but he kept at a safe distance after experiencing Mads Dyre's strength. The tall man did not seem to want to engage in a fight but scowled and mumbled an oath.

"Get out!" Mads Dyre said, approaching them. He had noticed their hesitation and had reckoned on their giving way. But he was mistaken. They kept their position and when he was within reach they fell on him. They tried to throw him down but without success. Then they raised their sticks, but the door flew open and in a moment the room was filled with boys. The two avengers drew back

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and looked about in surprise. What was the meaning of this crowd of boys all armed with cudgels?

"What do you want?" the slender one asked. "Get out of here!"

"We have come to visit Mads Dyre," Hans answered boldly. "Is there anything the matter with that?"

The slender man lost all control of himself at these words and rushed towards Hans. But Mads Dyre succeeded in catching hold of him. Then the tall man took a hand. He struck right and left and many of the boys were knocked down. The slender man slipped out of Mads Dyre's grasp and joined his friend. The fight was on.

An automobile whizzed up to the door with new participants in the festivities. The slender young man felt himself seized by the collar; he was twisted round, given two powerful boxes on the ears and landed outside on his head.

"Where is the other one?" Henrik Lund asked and in an instant he had hold of him and gave him the same treatment as his companion. It could not have been done more neatly by a professional "bouncer."

"I see you can attend to that little business yourself," Consul Bessermann said, and the Austrian

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gentleman laughed at the thought of the haste of the two assailants. But the boys stood with open mouths, gazing at Henrik Lund. The little room was crowded but Hans ordered the company to march out. Mads Dyre followed them to the door and thanked them heartily. It seemed to him the happiest day he had known in a long time.

It was not until evening after the guests had driven away that Henry learned what their business was.

"Come, Henry, and sit here by me," Henrik Lund said. Henry sat down on the sofa. He was a little anxious because he felt that the visit of the strange gentlemen had something to do with him.

"Would you like to stay here a little longer?" Henrik Lund said, putting his hand over Henry's.

"Say yes!" Carl exclaimed eagerly and Mrs. Lund nodded. Henry's dark eyes grew still darker and filled with tears.

"I would like to, but I must to my mother go," he stammered. "You must not be angry, but I can't."

"Won't you stay if your mother comes here?" Henrik Lund asked smiling. "She will come two days before you leave and will stay here a

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few months. But I suppose you will go home nevertheless?"

"Is that really true?" Henry asked, looking beseechingly at Mrs. Lund.

"Yes, it is, Henry. Your mother will be here in about two weeks. The Austrian colonel who was here arranged it. He knows your mother and asked us to receive her and there is nothing we would rather do. The colonel is in Denmark with a children's train. He is going back tomorrow and he will make arrangements about her passport."

Henry realized now that it was not a joke but that his mother was really coming to the wonderland. Filled with joy he threw his arms around Henrik Lund's neck and, half crying, half laughing, exclaimed:

"Thank you, foster father! How kind you all are."

"My boy, you are choking me," Henrik Lund said, laughingly trying to defend himself. But Henry hugged him only the more. Mrs. Lund's turn came next. "If you don't stop I will scratch you," she finally gasped.

"You can't, little foster mother," Henry laughed. "I am holding you so that you can't."

All the evening Henry was filled with happy

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excitement. He went out and found the foreman to whom he told the glad news and he also confided in the maid and the shepherd. But when in his joy he tried to make peace with Maren he was rebuffed. Maren was in the kitchen washing the dishes when he came storming out. She stood deep in her own sad thoughts. Suddenly she noticed a pair of arms about her neck and heard a happy exclamation:

“Maren, let’s be friends. Mother is coming.”

But Maren was not inclined to be friendly.

“Is that you, you miserable mulatto,” she almost screamed. “I wish you were far away!” and before Henry knew it she had rubbed the dishcloth in his face.

Henry sputtered and spat, but Carl, who had witnessed the whole scene, grew very angry.

“Why are you so cross to Henry? He has never done you any harm,” he stammered, amazed at his own boldness.

“Yes, he has; he is ruining you.”

“That is not true,” Carl said quietly. “Henry is never bad; I love him.”

Maren made no reply but Henry said:

“Come, let’s go. I am sorry that Maren is angry but she will like mother.”

XII

HARD TIMES

HENRY was sick. Two doctors sat by his bedside but neither of them could tell what was the matter with him.

"How long is it since he fell asleep?" the older one, the family physician, asked.

"Almost twelve hours," Mrs. Lund answered. She had sat by him all that time.

"I am afraid there is little hope," the younger doctor said, and the other one nodded. "He ought to be taken to the hospital but he can't be moved."

"Is there nothing to be done?" Henrik Lund asked, looking from one to the other. Both physicians shook their heads.

"Nothing!" the family physician said, and his colleague added:

"There is not much hope; but a miracle might happen."

After the doctors had gone Mr. and Mrs. Lund remained by the sick bed.

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"It can't be true that he will die," Mrs. Lund whispered. "It is too terrible to think of."

"No, it must not be true," Mr. Lund whispered in reply. "I dare not think of it. In four days his mother will be here. If she were only here now!"

"Go in and lie down," Mrs. Lund said. "I will call you when I feel tired. And you must comfort Carl. He is quite beside himself with grief. Tell him that Henry will get well. Tell him that everything will be all right if only we have patience."

Henrik Lund went out, more to be alone than to rest. He was filled with an overpowering anxiety that gave him no rest but drove him from place to place. Mrs. Lund was just as anxious but she was quieter. She did not stir from the side of the bed. She carefully dried Henry's forehead and moistened his lips; she watched his every movement, looking for the least sign of improvement. The night passed and day came without any change. Henry lay quiet, opening his eyes occasionally but immediately closing them again. The old family physician called and examined him but shook his head. It must be pneumonia in a severe form. There was not much hope.

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"Poor boy!" he said as he left the room.

Everything was quiet at Kjaerholm. No wagons were allowed to enter the courtyard and every one moved about silently, barely whispering. Carl spent most of his time in the kitchen, staring ahead of him without seeing anything. For a long time Maren pretended not to see him. But on the third day she sat down by him and whispered:

"If only Henry may get well!"

"Do you say that, Maren?"

"Yes, I do," Maren said, emphatically.

"Aren't you angry with him any more?" Carl asked, looking up.

"He never did anything to me. I believe he is a good boy. I am sure he loves his mother."

Carl's face cleared a little.

"I was sure you would come to like him," he said.

After having lain still two days, on the third day Henry grew very restless. Henrik Lund had been with him that morning but now Mrs. Lund was seated by his bed and she had difficulty in controlling him in his attacks of delirium. He struggled to get up and, half in Danish, half in German, he expressed a wish to go to the station to meet his mother. It was only a few hours before the time of her arrival but how different the meeting

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would be from what they had expected. Consul Bessermann had promised to meet her and to prepare her. He would also accompany her to the house and act as interpreter. It would be too hard not to be able to talk with her under these circumstances.

Mrs. Lund was deep in her own thoughts when Carl suddenly aroused her by putting his hand on her shoulder. He had entered the room without her having noticed it.

"Mother, see, he is sleeping quietly." Carl whispered. Mrs. Lund looked at Henry and noticed a marked change. He was breathing easily and naturally and his face held a slight tinge of color.

"God be praised!" Mrs. Lund said quietly. "Now I believe he will recover."

She stole quietly out of the room to announce the happy change to her husband and he came up to convince himself that it was true. He carried the news farther and soon Maren crept in, followed by the foreman, the maid, and towards evening by Mads Dyre. Mads had come every day, and every day had gone away weeping. Now he wept again but it was with joy.

When the doctor came he could hardly believe his own eyes.

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"How long has he been sleeping so quietly?" he asked.

"Almost five hours," Mrs. Lund answered.

"I do not understand it," the old doctor said. "I have been waiting all day for a telephone message that he was dead."

"Do you think he will get well?" Henrik Lund asked.

"He certainly will. His temperature is normal. When he wakes up he will be quite himself again."

Henrik Lund went and telephoned to Consul Bessermann. Mrs. Lund went out for a moment and Maren sat down by Henry's bed. She sat and looked at him and wondered how she could ever have been angry with him.

Suddenly he opened his eyes and looked at her. A smile passed over his face and he tried to nod his head.

"Maren, mother is coming," he said, in a clear voice.

"Yes, she is coming," Maren answered, her voice choked with tears.

"Maren, can't we be friends?" he asked seriously.

"Yes, yes, my boy!" Maren whispered. "I am so sorry that I have been cross to you. Can you forget it?"

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Henry smiled.

"I was sure we would be friends when mother came," he said.

Maren went out to announce that Henry had waked up—and to hide her tears. Henry lay in bed and was happy. His mother would soon be there and everything would be all right. She would not be hungry any more. It was so wonderful to think of her being in Denmark.

"Are you lying there loafing?" Henrik Lund said, coming into the room, and behind him appeared Mrs. Lund's smiling face. Carl had come, too, to greet him.

Mrs. Lund stroked Henry's forehead and he seized her hand.

"Thank you for sitting by me," he said. "I saw you often but I couldn't say anything because I was sick."

"Are you sure it wasn't sheer laziness?" Henrik Lund asked him, teasingly.

"No, no," Henry assured him. "I was sick. Long sick and much sick."

"Very sick you mean," Carl said, correcting him.

"No, much sick! That is the way I talk," Henry said, laughingly.

Mrs. Lund quieted him.

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"You must not talk so much and we mustn't either. You must save your strength," she said.

But Henry had so many questions to ask that he could not keep quiet and they had to answer him, for he persisted until they did. At last he grew tired and lay back without speaking. But there was a smile on his lips and his eyes revealed his thoughts. Suddenly the smile disappeared and he lay as if he were listening for something from a distance.

"What is it?" Mrs. Lund asked, looking at him in terror.

"Something is coming," he whispered. But they could hear nothing. He lay for a while and the expression on his face grew more and more strained.

"Can't you hear it?" he asked, but they heard nothing. They feared that he was delirious again. Then they heard the sound of an automobile approaching at great speed.

"It is mother," Henry whispered, smiling again. "It is my mother who is coming. Can't you hear it?"

At the same moment the automobile stopped in front of the door and Mrs. Lund bent down and kissed Henry on his forehead.

"Yes, it is your mother coming, Henry."

XIII

MADS DYRE'S PARTY

MADS DYRE had had a busy afternoon putting his little room in order for his guests. He had scrubbed the floor in the living room and kitchen and sprinkled fine, white sand over it. The old, rickety table had an almost new checkered oil-cloth cover, which he had borrowed. He had also borrowed cups and plates, a cake dish, a chocolate pot and other necessities. It was many a year since he had had a party.

"You must keep away from the windows, Pussy," Mads Dyre said to the cat, who sat in the middle of the floor, making her toilet for the party. "You must not spring up there. Your paws leave marks."

The cat mewed in an injured tone and Mads Dyre threatened her. "You must obey orders. You and Strut run about the house all the time while other cats and hens have to stay out of doors. I'll put Strut in the shed and if you don't behave yourself you will join her there."

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Pussy looked very humble after this admonition but as soon as Mads Dyre had turned his back she sprang up on to the table and over to the window.

“Aren’t you ashamed of yourself, you white devil!” Mads thundered, turning quickly. “Come down, kitty, kitty.” But Pussy was frightened by her master’s angry words to which she was not accustomed. She ran in under the bed and no amount of coaxing would induce her to come out. She sat and glared at Mads with sparkling eyes. “Stay where you are, you cream-face!” Mads grumbled.

But there was worse trouble to follow, for when he went out into the kitchen he found Strut scraping away at a layer cake, so that the crumbs flew to every side.

“Are you mad, Strut?” Mads Dyre cried, struck motionless with dismay. But Strut was not crazy. She understood perfectly well what cakes were meant for, so she went on scraping industriously with the result that the dish fell on the floor in a thousand pieces.

“That’s too bad!” Mads Dyre exclaimed, seizing Strut so roughly that she cackled in mortal terror. “Keep quiet! Do you think that layer cake was for you? You ought to have your head

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cut off!" Mads continued to shake and scold the old hen and finally threw her into the woodshed. Mads Dyre had been growing more and more discouraged the whole afternoon at the thought of entertaining so many visitors and this was the last straw. He talked to himself while he swept up the fragments of the cake. It was such a fine cake, they couldn't bake a finer one at Kjaerholm, and now it was ruined. What would old Maren at the tollhouse say? She had baked the cake for him; it was her dish. It was stupid of him to invite those strangers. But he was so fond of the boy and he was going away. He did not see how he would get along without him. Strange that the boy should come to like him. It was a comfort to have some one that liked one. That was something to live for. But that was all over and he would be left alone again.

When Mads Dyre had finally got the kitchen in order again he crept into the living room. Pussy sat in the window and made no sign of moving and Mads paid no attention to her. He sat down on the bench and wished that he might creep into the blankets and sleep away from it all.

When the guests arrived at seven o'clock Mads Dyre was ready to go out and stay with Strut the rest of the evening. But he remained at his post,

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an unhappy host, who felt ill at ease in his own house.

Henrik Lund who noticed that Mads Dyre was embarrassed exerted himself to entertain the company and to draw Mads into the conversation. He told one funny story after another but Mads hardly smiled. He himself said nothing although he had had many more adventures than Mr. Lund. Then Henry discovered that there was something the matter with his old friend. He was not himself at all. He crept over to him and before Mads Dyre realized it Henry's arm was about his shoulder.

"You aren't sick?" Henry asked.

Mads Dyre started.

"Sick? No, I'm not sick."

"We have been looking forward so to this evening," Henry said.

Mads Dyre's face brightened. Perhaps it would be all right after all.

"Have you seen anything lately? You know the things we others can't see?" Henry asked.

Mads Dyre had the reputation of having second sight and he made no attempt to conceal what he had seen. He had often told Henry about events of which he had been forewarned and Henry always listened with interest to these tales.

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Mads Dyre looked at Henrik Lund whom he suspected of being skeptical about such things. But he nodded emphatically and turning to Henry, said:

"The other day I saw a rocket shot off a little to the north of the house and when I went up on the hills I saw a steamer on the outer sand bar. I saw it quite clearly and I have often seen it before. But now it will soon be here. When I see it in the forenoon it's not long before we get it. It stayed there about five minutes and then it was gone. It will be a hard rescue, there was so much noise and confusion and there were broken oars in the water."

Henrik Lund smiled teasingly.

"You old fishermen see so much. Of course there will be a wreck but I don't believe that you can see it before it happens."

"That's all right," Mads Dyre said solemnly, "but I can tell you that before long you will come home wet from the beach and that will be the day the steamer is wrecked."

"Then it will have to rain hard for I have a good oilskin coat," Henrik Lund said, laughing quietly.

"That won't help you," Mads Dyre said, nodding his head. "The water will reach you from

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below. It is sea water and your coat will not keep that out."

"I'll wait till I see it," Henrik Lund said and Mads Dyre answered:

"You will, too, and you will feel it, for it is cold."

Mads Dyre felt more at ease. He forgot all about the layer cake and everything else over Henrik Lund's unbelief. He told many stories about forewarnings that he had seen and heard about. But nothing could convince Henrik Lund.

Mads Dyre nodded his head again and told another story.

"You have heard of the heath company of fishermen who were lost thirty years ago. It was the year Mellemgaard was built. They bought a boat at Vorupör and brought it here for repairs and got noisy Knud to do the job. But Knud did not like that boat. It was restless at night. At times it sprang up and knocked against his house as if it would break it to pieces. At other times he could hear weeping out there. He said to the fisherman that they had better get rid of it but they only laughed at him and refused even after they heard that no company had ever fished from that boat without losing some hands.

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" 'Well, you may try it,' Knud said, and they tried it and none of them came back."

"I remember that they were lost," Henrik Lund said, "but I don't remember anything else about it. But people did say that Knud had second sight."

"We won't hear any more such stories," Maren said, very seriously.

"Are you afraid?" Henrik Lund asked.

"Of course I am. Suppose a ghost should come into my room while I was asleep. I am sure I should die of fright before he said a word."

"They are not ghosts, they are warnings," Henrik Lund said, laughing.

"You may call them whatever you wish as long as they pass my door," Maren said, knitting so that the needles clashed.

When Mads Dyre a little while after went out into the kitchen to get the coffee and chocolate ready Mrs. Lund followed him. He had intended to do it all himself but he was easily persuaded to turn it over to Mrs. Lund to whom he told the story about the layer cake.

The guests were not ready to leave until midnight. Pussy lay on the bed, stuffed with cake and cream with which the boys had been allowed to

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treat her. Strut, who had been forgiven, sat in the window and blinked, looking very sleepy.

After they were all gone Mads Dyre sat at the table and gazed at a picture of Henry which Mrs. Selmer had given him. He was a regular boy; it was not strange that everybody loved him. But now he was going away.

XIV

THE SHIPWRECK

MAREN could not sleep after all those stories about warnings. She got up to close the window, she locked the door, she examined the room and looked under the bed. What was that she had heard once about a man that could carry his head under his arm? Her father had often told her about him and of how he would set barns on fire. But what was that? There was a big bull in the middle of the floor staring at her with bloodshot eyes. It was strange she had not heard him come in and she had locked the door, too. What should she do? She tried to scream but could not utter a sound. She tried to run away but she could not move. And the bull stood there almost filling the room and bellowing so that her bed shook.

"Little bull, you must go out," Maren finally stammered. "You take up room and I am afraid of you."

The bull did not move but stood and stared at her with his frightfully big eyes. Then Henry

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came in and without saying a word he seized the bull by its ring and dragged it away. They were such good friends that he could do it with perfect safety. He was a wonderful boy, he made friends with everybody, even with animals. Now even she loved him almost as much as Carl. And now he had saved her from the bull.

But why hadn't he closed the door? The room was full of geese, chickens, and ducks. How had that happened? The maid must have forgotten to close the chicken yard. That was too bad, but you could not depend upon those young girls. But how was that? The geese had no heads nor the ducks and chickens. They carried their heads under their wings just like the fellow her father had told her about. That must be a warning. She tried to call Henry to help her but she could not. She felt as if she should choke.

Suddenly she woke up. All the animals were gone and the full moon looked at her through the window. She was restless and felt that something must be wrong, so she decided not to try to sleep any more. She took a stocking, sat down and began to knit. It was one of her favorite sayings that it was better to work well than to sleep badly.

Maren was not the only one that was made rest-

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less by Mads Dyre's stories. Carl could not forget them and he was filled with fear. Every time the curtain flapped his heart beat faster and when Henry turned in the other bed Carl crept under the covers and gasped for breath.

Finally, after many hours, he fell asleep but that did not shut out fear. He dreamed about men with their heads under their arms, who wanted to take his head off, too, but could not do it. That made them angry and they ran after him. He tried to run away but he could not stir and the headless men attacked him. He awoke bathed in perspiration. Towards morning he again fell asleep, but was soon awakened by a sound that made him jump out of bed. And after he was up the sound came again. He whispered Henry's name but Henry did not answer. He hurried into his trousers and went to Maren's door. Maren was sitting in her room knitting by the light of a kitchen lamp. They were both equally taken by surprise.

"What do you want?" she asked.

"I was so afraid," Carl stammered, "I must have been dreaming."

"Oh! you coward!" Maren said, in a superior manner. "Who would think that you were thirteen years old?"

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Carl felt a little foolish. Then he asked:

"Why are you sitting here?"

"Oh! I had to finish this stocking," Maren said. "When you go out in the evening you have to work at night."

At the same moment a bellow came which lasted a couple of minutes.

"There it is again," Carl groaned. "I thought I had dreamed it. What is it, Maren?"

"It is a steamer," Maren said, dropping her stocking. "It sounds as if it must have run aground." She got up and drew the curtain aside and the sound came again, this time at short intervals.

"Yes, it must be a steamer that has gone ashore," she said, turning to Carl. "There is a heavy fog."

Carl stood and wondered that he had not recognized it immediately for he had often heard steamers sound their foghorns.

"What time is it?" he asked.

"It must be about six," Maren said, shaking herself. She was cold and consequently in a bad humor.

"I will go in and wake up Henry and we will run down to the beach. Do you think father will let us go?" Carl asked.

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"I suppose so. I don't care," Maren said, beginning her knitting again which had made good progress in the course of the night.

When Carl came back to his room Henry lay and grumbled at something.

"Are you awake?" Carl asked.

"Yes, there was a cow that was bellowing so terribly," Henry complained in a sleepy voice.

"That isn't a cow, it is a steamer that has gone ashore," Carl said. "Hurry up! we must go down."

Five minutes later they were running down to the beach. A man tumbled out of a hut. He stood for a moment looking about him, then hurried across the fields towards the lifeboat house. Soon there was a sound of wheels and horses' hoofs and a wagon appeared through the fog.

"That's Jens Frandsen, the driver of the lifeboat!" Carl cried. "Let's run up to the station and see them put out the boat."

When they reached the station there were only three men there but before many minutes the whole crew had gathered.

"Out with the boat!" the inspector commanded and they carried the heavy undercarriage with the boat from the cement floor out on to the grass. Every man knew his place and they worked with-

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out much talking. The baggage wagon was loaded with oars, rockets and other necessary tools, the eight horses were hitched to the lifeboat, and everything was ready.

"Let's go," the inspector said. "She is a little north of Mads Dyre's house."

Now they felt free to talk and they indulged in all sorts of surmises. It must be a trawler. It was lucky there was not a heavy sea. It would be easy to get the crew off if they were willing to leave the boat.

Henry and Carl kept close to the fishermen and Henry was especially anxious not to lose a word of what they said, having heard many stories about wrecks and dangerous trips with the lifeboat. When they reached the beach they could not even catch a glimpse of the steamer. It was daylight but the fog rested on the sea like a solid wall and the steamer was no longer blowing its horn.

"We had better send up a rocket and keep the horses hitched," the inspector said, and soon after a rocket hissed out over the ocean but there was no reply. A second rocket was fired off and it had hardly disappeared before the steamer sounded its horn vigorously.

"There he is," said the leader of the boat, an old graybeard who had helped many hundreds

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of men and who had the reputation of being able to take out a boat when no one else would have ventured. "Let's go out," he said, turning towards the inspector. "This is not a bad starting place."

The boat was soon at the edge of the water, with its prow towards the sea. The oars were put in and every man was furnished with a safety belt. The crew was divided evenly on either side of the boat.

"Heave ahoy!" Inch by inch the boat moved through the sand. The men ahead met the waves but they did not jump aboard until the boat began to float. Then the last one sprang in and in a moment they were at the oars.

The few people on the beach could see nothing. The inspector marched back and forth, followed by his faithful dog. Carl and Henry stood and gazed after the boat which had long since disappeared. A dog ran about whining disconsolately for his master who was aboard the boat.

Half an hour passed, then an hour, but the boat did not appear. The number of spectators increased every minute and took part in eager discussion about the steamer. Finally the boat returned but there were no more men in it than when it went out. The crew of the steamer did

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not wish to land. They preferred to wait. The ship was a German trawler, homeward bound from the fishing banks. It was heavily laden and was aground on the outer bar.

The boat was cleared again and the men lay down beside it, prepared for a long watch. As long as the trawler was aground with the crew aboard they would have to remain on the beach, prepared for any emergency. At noon the fog lifted and the wind shifted to the northwest. At first it was only a moderate breeze but it soon increased and rolled big breakers over the bar. They could see the trawler now. Suddenly it slid off and floated between the second and the third bar.

"It will soon come ashore," said the old leader who sprang up ready to go out.

But the trawler began to maneuver and under full steam tried to pass over the outer bar. But it went aground, backed off again with the help of the waves, and then advanced towards the hidden sand bar. But this attempt was no more successful than the first one. It went aground, whirled about with the prow towards the north, and glided back into deep water. It backed again and again on the bar. The people on the beach shook their heads. They had never seen such a thing before. The captain must be mad.

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"I hope he won't go hard aground out there," the old leader said to the inspector. "We can't reach him there with a rocket and if I know the signs it will soon be too rough to put a boat out."

After a while the leader said:

"If we only had a man who could speak German. We could take him along in spite of the rules. Those fellows out there ought to be told about the conditions but none of them can understand Danish."

"Are you sure it is safe to go out?" the inspector asked. The old graybeard nodded. "It will be all right if you don't wait too long."

"Would you dare take a child along?" the inspector asked.

"I would dare take all my grandchildren along if it were necessary," the old boatman said.

"Let's go to Henrik Lund and ask if he will let his boy from Vienna go. He is a fine fellow and will be glad to go on a little trip."

Henry was more than willing to go but Henrik Lund hesitated and not until Mrs. Selmer agreed did he consent.

They launched the boat without difficulty. Henry sat in the stern with the leader. At first he was not quite sure of himself and when the boat

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stuck its prow up into the air he felt as if he would go over backwards. But he soon discovered that there was no danger and laughed with delight at each big wave.

The crew of the trawler kept busy, started a new attack and advanced under full steam at a point where there was very little surf. The leader of the rescue party gave orders for the men to rest on their oars and they remained lying with the prow towards the sea, keeping the boat in position and watching with interest the little steamer's storming of the bar.

"I think they will clear it," the old leader said.

"No, he won't," the man at the prow cried. "The waves are rising out there. They will reach the bar at the same time as the trawler and push it back."

And that was what happened. Just as the trawler reached the bar its bow was buried in the great waves.

"He is crazy!" the old leader cried. "Pull on your oars!" But before they could reach it the trawler had dashed off into the water and started south between the second and third bar.

"That's the craziest fellow I've ever gone out after," the old boat leader growled, angrily.

"Shan't we help him?" Henry asked.

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"Yes, but that's easier said than done. If we come alongside they will tip us over. See, that loon is going ahead again. He won't stop before he gets in trouble."

The trawler continued its antics for a couple of hours, and the lifeboat followed it like a whale-boat hunting a whale. And the storm increased.

Mads Dyre and Henrik Lund stood on the beach and near them was Mrs. Selmer. She looked at the boat and was ready to regret that she had allowed Henry to go along. It was evidently a dangerous trip and he was all that she had.

"The wind is rising," Mads Dyre said. "I wish we had him ashore."

"You are thinking of the boy?"

"Yes," said Mads Dyre and his voice shook a little.

"If there is any danger they will bring him in and go out again," Henrik Lund said. "Those people know their business."

"They do, but the sea can take one by surprise," Mads Dyre said.

Finally the trawler gave up the struggle and drifted in upon the second bar where they went aground. In a few minutes the lifeboat lay to windward of them and hailed them.

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"Now they will find Henry useful," Henrik Lund said.

"If they can only get them to leave the ship," Mads Dyre said. "That captain does not seem to care much for the land."

Mrs. Selmer had come up to Henrik Lund and Mads Dyre. She laid her hand on Henrik Lund's arm and pointed out towards the breakers that were rolling over the first bar. He understood that she was afraid that the boat would not be able to slip through but he smiled comfortingly to her and nodded his head. It would be all right.

"Now they are getting into the boat," Mads Dyre said, and they all drew a sigh of relief. It would be fine to get them ashore before dark. The wind howled and tossed the sand about. It threatened to be a bad night. Many eyes followed the boat as it rowed in. Mrs. Selmer leaned against Henrik Lund and he felt that she was trembling. When the boat got into the surf on the inner bar she shrieked but in a few minutes it landed safely and all fear was over.

The boat had brought fifteen men but the captain had remained on the ship. Henry had acted as interpreter and the old leader said that if they had not had him along they would never have got one man into the boat.

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"Weren't you afraid?" Henrik Lund asked Henry.

"Yes, just when we started, but it didn't last long."

"I was so afraid for you," his mother whispered in German.

But Henry laughed and took her hand.

"It was such fun, mother, and it was good of you to let me go."

A couple of hours later Henrik Lund got the wet coat Mads Dyre had promised him. The lifeboat was going out after the captain who had signaled for help. But the sea was very high and drove the lifeboat back. The few spectators that remained on the beach offered to help and among them was Henrik Lund. Together with three others he tied a line about his waist and they followed the boat as far as they could touch bottom, helping to keep it headed right.

The first time they were unsuccessful; the second time the boat was cleared and the four men reached the beach safely. A great wave rose like a roof over the boat, breaking over the occupants. The boat and crew disappeared but the boat rose slowly with all the oars on one side broken. The men on the beach fetched new oars,

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and when the boat was ready to put off again the old leader said:

“If we ever get out there I will take that fool captain and I think he will get a couple of Danish cuffings. He certainly deserves them.”

Soon the boat returned with the captain of the trawler, a little fellow.

“Did he get his cuffings?” Henrik Lund asked the old leader as they walked along together.

“I thought he was too small to strike,” old Niels Kirks said, laughing.

The following morning the trawler lay high up on the beach. A fresh salt wind whistled from the northwest and the sea grumbled a hollow bass. The waves thundered over new and old wrecks. Autumn had come, the season for storms and wrecks. But Henry grieved more than ever at the prospect of leaving the sea.

XV

HOMeward BOUND

“GOOD-BY! Good-by!”

“Write, Henry, and let us know how you are getting along.” Old Mads Dyre, who had come to the farm for the final farewells, stood and tucked a rug about Henry, at the same time putting a bag into his pocket.

“I’ll be sure to write,” Henry promised. “But you must write, too.” His voice was struggling against tears and his eyes filled.

“You will come back next summer,” Mrs. Lund said, comfortingly. “And you will be welcome. Tell your mother that, Henry.” Mrs. Lund had repeated this many times that day but Henry translated it for his mother who stretched her hand out to Mrs. Lund. Mrs. Lund was not going to the station. She preferred to say good-by at home. She pressed Mrs. Selmer’s hand.

Maren stood there, her eyes shifting from Henry to his mother.

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"Take care that nothing happens to you," she said soberly. "It's such a terribly long journey. But you shan't go through the negroes' or lumattoes' country?"

"No, we will go through Germany," Henry said, thinking of his first evening when Maren tumbled into the tub.

"Are we all ready?" Henrik Lund asked, cracking his whip so that the two bays began to dance.

"Wait a moment," Mrs. Lund said. She had suddenly thought of a rug for them to take with them. She wrapped it around Mrs. Selmer and told Henry that they might keep it. It would be a cold journey.

"Off we go!" said Mr. Lund who knew that they could wait a long time before all the farewells were spoken.

Mads Dyre hurried home. He wanted to go to bed; he did not feel well. But Mrs. Lund and Maren sat down in the kitchen and for a moment did not speak.

"It was a good thing for Carl that Henry came here," Mrs. Lund finally said. "Carl has grown to be quite another boy, he is so full of life."

"That he has," said Maren.

"He was a fine boy. One could not help loving him," Mrs. Lund said.

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"Yes, he was a fine boy," Maren said, wiping her eyes with her apron.

The final hard moment had come. The train was at the station and would leave in five minutes.

Henry pulled Mr. Lund by the arm.

"Take me home again," he begged, "take us back home."

Mr. Lund bent over him.

"I cannot, Henry, much as I would like to."

"Can't we ask once more?"

Mr. Lund shook his head.

"No, Henry, there is nothing we can do about it. But we must arrange to have you come back next summer, and your mother too."

All around them were other children who were just as sorry to leave and many tears were shed by children and foster-parents.

"All aboard!"

Henry and Carl stood for a few moments shaking hands. Suddenly Henry threw his arms around Carl's neck and hugged him. "It is so hard to say good-by," he complained. "But I'll come back, Carl, if I have to walk all the way."

"That boy must get in!" some one called from the car and Mr. Lund who had looked after the luggage pushed him in and the door was slammed to.

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When the train started Henry and his mother waved their hands and wept and they did not stop until long after the station was out of sight.

My sister cried,
But my brother swore;
I dried a tear,
I dried more,
And then I was calm,
While the tears went out of the land.

This verse was spoken by a short, stout gentleman, dressed in a long white smock. "Do you wish to hear more?" the man in the smock asked.

Henry did not know what to say, so he answered yes.

"Do you want to hear more about tears?"

"No, thank you," Henry said.

"All right, we'll pull out another drawer," the other said, with a mischievous twinkle in his eye.

"Let me introduce myself:

I am the train doctor
And I can cure many diseases.
If you have any,
In your arm or your brain,
Just come to me.
I have salve for the hands
And physic for the glands,
I will help you.

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I have castor oil of a kind
That nobody would mind
I am the doctor
Who can
Cure many a man."

After this introduction the train doctor continued.

"This rhyming is too much for one's head. Let us descend from Pegasus and use ordinary prose. Tell me, what is your name?"

"My name is Henry Selmer," was the reply.

"Selmer, Selmer. There is a Mrs. Selmer who is to be a guide for the children," said the doctor. "Is that lady your mother?"

When Henry had answered in the affirmative the doctor turned to Mrs. Selmer, introducing himself, and apologized for not having greeted her before. He spoke German correctly and his voice sounded almost more jolly in that language.

"I am going with you to Vienna," he said. "I am the train doctor but for the present I am looking after the children from Jutland. We shall have about sixty children. At Gedser we shall join the Austrians from Zeeland, over five hundred, and go by way of Warnemünde, Berlin, Dresden, and down through Czechia. You will have your hands full. You will be overwhelmed

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with questions, possible and impossible, especially the latter. These children are great at asking questions. It makes one quite dizzy. Have you ever slept with one cheek by the side of a beehive and the other of an ant hill?"

"No, I never have," Mrs. Selmer said, laughing. "Have you?"

"No, I have never tried it. But I have had the beehive and ant hill in my head, so I can reckon out about how it would be. That was on a children's train from Vienna. When they are on their way north the children are regular interrogation points. They asked so many questions that my head fairly hummed and buzzed so that I grew quite alarmed. But the feeling gradually passed away—it was very queer while it lasted."

Mrs. Selmer saw the twinkle in his eyes and realized that she and Henry were under treatment for the grief of parting. Henry did not think anything about it but the doctor's fresh, friendly face made him feel cheerful.

"Henry, you must be my scout," the doctor said, clapping him on the shoulder. "Let's all get busy and move the heavy baggage into my compartment. But we must hurry because a new crowd will come at the next station."

Mrs. Selmer and Henry were quartered in the

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doctor's car where they were very comfortable. Mrs. Selmer wished to help Dr. Krarup but he declared that she should ride to Gedser as a passenger for he could easily attend to it all himself. He received the children, stowed away their packages, found them beds for the night, comforted the sorrowing ones, and put life into the dejected ones. From time to time he entertained Mrs. Selmer and Henry and made them forget their grief. At ten o'clock he made two comfortable beds for them and ordered them to lie down.

At noon the following day they reached Gedser and at three were joined by the rest of the party, five hundred strong. At the ferry station the children were divided into ten groups, with two guides for each group. The wildest confusion prevailed when they started to go on board the ferryboat. Some of the smaller ones were afraid of the water, others had such large packages to carry that they feared they would have to leave them behind. But they got aboard, packages and all, and the big ferryboat was soon ready to start.

Henry had received orders to keep close to Dr. Krarup as his scout and he was quite satisfied with his job. He had been introduced to Mrs. Krarup who had come from Copenhagen and was to have

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charge of the kitchen. She had promised to take care that he got plenty to eat.

As the boat sailed out of the dock the doctor said:

"Soon the merman will sing 'ha! ha! ha!' and 'so! so! so-ah!' And the children will sing the same song. There is a heavy sea and there will be many seasick."

"Then you will be kept busy," Mrs. Krarup said.

They spoke German so that Mrs. Selmer might join in the conversation.

"You must have discovered already not to take my husband too seriously," Mrs. Krarup said to Mrs. Selmer. "He sometimes says the strangest things."

As there were several baggage cars on the boat there was very little room and it did not help matters when the children in the cabin came up for fresh air.

"Now things will start soon," the doctor said to Henry when they reached the bow where the motion was the worst.

"Doctor! Doctor!" cried one of the boys from Jutland. Tears ran down his cheeks and he gazed beseechingly at Dr. Krarup. "I am so sick. Can't you help me, Doctor?"

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The youngster had come to Denmark by way of Hamburg and as he had never been at sea before he did not know anything about seasickness.

"What have you eaten to-day?" he asked.

"I have had my meals and some cake and three apples and some chocolate," the little fellow replied.

"Is that all?" Dr. Krarup asked.

"No, I ate five sticks of candy and some lozenges and a package of figs."

"Is that all?"

"No, I ate a package of dates and they tasted good. But oh! I am so sick. I feel as if my stomach would go up into my throat. But it can't do that, can it, Doctor?"

"Not very well," Dr. Krarup said. "But with that load you have given it to carry it won't be able to run anywhere."

"Now it comes!" the boy suddenly exclaimed. He was the first to make an offering to Neptune.

"Now you will feel better," Dr. Krarup said, consolingly, and when the attack was over he gave him a piece of sugar with a couple of drops of camphor.

"Thank you, Doctor, you are so kind," the little patient said. He smiled although the tears were running down his cheeks.

HENRY AND HIS TRAVELS

The ferryboat did not reach Warnemünde until seven, and there was general rejoicing as few of the children had escaped the prevailing malady.

A train with twelve cars was waiting for them and in the warmth and comfort of their new quarters their troubles were soon forgotten. When tea and cakes were served they had regained their appetites and by nine they were ready for bed.

All the way from Warnemünde to Vienna Henry acted as Dr. Krarup's assistant. He fetched the patients and brought them back to their cars, helped with minor operations, and cleaned the instruments, ran errands and enjoyed Dr. Krarup's wealth of humor. When his mother was off duty she visited him and he enjoyed those hours most of all.

Henry ate his meals in the kitchen car with the guides. He had to wait until the other children had finished but he could join in the fun while the guides were eating. The kitchen car was a baggage car which had been furnished with a large range, a long narrow table on which to make sandwiches, and a couple of chairs. Mrs. Krarup was in charge assisted by two ladies and they were kept busy preparing the meals.

When the guides came in for their meals the car was so full that it was hardly possible to move

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and the motion of the old baggage car made eating no easy matter. On the first evening at supper while the train was running at full speed one of the guides, a teacher, landed in a provision box, taking his cup of tea along with him.

"Pedersen is going to bed," Dr. Krarup said. "We must keep quiet and not disturb him."

At the same time Henry had a little accident when some one spilled some hot tea down his neck.

"Leave my assistant alone, Hansen!" Dr. Krarup exclaimed. "If you want to feed him forcibly his mouth is in the front of his face, not in the back of his neck."

But before the meal was over Dr. Krarup received the same treatment. He was standing talking with the steward when the train pounded through a station. The steward was thrown forward and shoved a piece of food which he was about to enjoy right in Dr. Krarup's mouth.

"Mother, mother, the doctor is taking my food!" Hansen cried.

"Shall I drink your tea too?" Dr. Krarup asked, but the offer was not accepted.

At eight o'clock that evening the train crossed the Elb into Czechia and at Tetschen they had a

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wait of an hour while the officials examined their papers.

"To-morrow we shall be in Vienna, shall we not?" Henry asked Dr. Krarup.

"Yes, if we keep in the right direction," Dr. Krarup answered.

"If it were only Denmark we were going to," Henry said.

"Have you already begun to long for Denmark?" the doctor asked.

"Yes, last night I dreamed about Denmark and when I woke up it seemed so strange that I was not there."

"You must be sure to come back," Dr. Krarup said, comforting him.

"I am afraid not," Henry said, and his voice was quite melancholy.

"Nonsense, my boy!" the other replied sharply. "A boy of your age ought not to go about hanging his head. There are thousands that are much worse off than you are. You may lose your cap, your jacket and a good many other things, but you must guard and keep your courage and your good humor. If you lose those you are no good at all."

Henry looked at Dr. Krarup in amazement. He had never heard him talk that way before. He

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wondered if he were in earnest or if it was only an expression of his bubbling wit.

"You don't know what to make of my words," Dr. Krarup said, "but I assure you I am in earnest. Courage and good humor will carry one far on the road of life. They open doors and break down walls. They can be a mild breeze but they can also be a cleansing wind. They can be sunshine, and many need that, most of all in Austria. So you must not drown your courage and good humor in whimpering and complaining. You must laugh when you feel like crying and advance when you wish to retreat. Then you can't fail."

Mrs. Selmer appeared in the doorway just in time to hear the closing words.

"The doctor seems to making a speech," she said. "Has Henry been naughty?"

"No, Mrs. Selmer, I can almost say that the Austrian children, in contrast to our own, are never naughty. No, I was talking about something else. When I return home I am going to be a public speaker and I was practicing. Demosthenes practiced many years. I haven't patience enough for that but I can't neglect it altogether."

"Won't you let me hear a specimen?" Mrs. Selmer asked.

But the doctor shook his head.

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"No, you must get some sleep. You will be on duty again in three hours. The train doctor orders you to sleep now."

The train dragged slowly through Czechia. The locomotive was out of sorts and so were the train hands. There was a hot box and another car had to be used. Everything looked dark and dreary. The children sat and stared listlessly out of the windows. Some went back to bed and others cried. They all wanted to go back to Denmark.

Suddenly there was a commotion in the first car. The doctor came rushing in and his face seemed to show that something serious was the matter.

"Listen!" he cried, stopping in the middle of the aisle, "a dangerous sickness has started on the train, a contagious sickness. It is called the black dogs. You can easily see who have got it for they are pale and cross and cranky and tired. You must all wash and get dressed. In half an hour I shall come back to examine you and those who have been attacked by the black dogs must take a tablespoonful of castor oil. It is the only medicine for that disease. If any of the guides have caught it they will get two spoonfuls."

Dr. Krarup rushed through all the cars with his news and there was general commotion. Some

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of the children were frightened, but others understood and passed the word and when the doctor returned in half an hour there was not a single patient to be found. All faces were cheerful.

At four o'clock when the train rolled into the station at Vienna the platform was crowded with people who waved their handkerchiefs and called as soon as the train appeared. The children were no less eager to greet their friends and relatives.

As soon as the train stopped two boy scouts were assigned to each car to help the Danish guides. In a quarter of an hour the cars were emptied but the platform seethed with people and packages.

Nobody was more amused at the sight than Dr. Krarup.

"This is great fun," he said, rubbing his hands.

At that moment a fat little woman rushed up to Dr. Krarup, her face fiery red from excitement.

"Where is my boy?" she cried stopping in front of him. "Where is my boy?"

"Where is your boy?" he exclaimed, with a satisfied expression. "We have eaten him."

The woman looked at Dr. Krarup for a moment, then she began to laugh. The boy was soon found and she marched off with him.

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After a while the platform was emptied, Henry and his mother being among the last to leave.

"Shall we walk home?" asked Henry.

"No, we have too many packages. We must take the street car."

"If only we might go back to Denmark to-day," Henry said, sadly.

"You must not be unreasonable," his mother said. But Henry shook his head.

"I am not unreasonable, mother, but I long so for them all."

XVI

HOME

DURING the first week after his return home Henry had great difficulty in finding himself. At first he felt as if he could never be happy again. But after a while, to his surprise, joys appeared, stronger and warmer than ever before.

When he met his friends among his schoolmates he realized that he had missed them during his visit in Denmark and he loved them more now than ever before. While he was in Denmark he had thought little about them.

He also noticed that his teacher, Mr. Münther, was not indifferent to him. He could hear from his happy exclamation when they met at the gate that Mr. Münther was glad to see him again and the feeling was mutual. That first day in school Henry was happy and the feeling returned to him later. But after a while there appeared many things that depressed him.

Joseph Gutmeister was dead and his wife had

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moved away from Vienna. During the short time that Henry had known him he had been a good friend and now he was gone.

To this grief were added many troubles. Their landlord had doubled their rent and had threatened to raise it still higher. All prices had risen terribly but the pension on which they depended for their support had not increased in proportion and neither had the payments for Mrs. Selmer's sewing. It was almost impossible to get potatoes and turnips even for cash, bread rations had been lowered, and it was rumored that all grants of provisions would be given up.

Every day brought new troubles and Mrs. Selmer shared them all with Henry, who grew serious and brooding. Sometimes he longed to be back in Denmark, at others he wished he was grown up. He felt that they could not exist under present conditions.

Then Henry's mother was taken sick and was confined to bed.

"It will soon pass over," she said to comfort him. But the next day she was no better.

"I will call a doctor," Henry said, but his mother dissuaded him. It cost so much and they would have to buy medicine. She assured him that she would soon be well. It was only a slight

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cold and she always had fever when she caught cold.

After Henry had waited a week without any improvement he sent for the doctor without asking his mother. The doctor said that it was rheumatic fever and scolded because they had not sent for him before. The attack would last a month during which time she would have to lie undisturbed.

On hearing the doctor's verdict Mrs. Selmer wept. Her sickness was a real calamity, for she could not earn anything and they would starve. Now she too longed for Denmark but she did not say anything for fear of increasing Henry's longing.

Henry had his hands full. He went to school as usual every morning while a neighbor looked after his mother. After school he took care of the house, swept, swabbed the floor, brought fuel and made purchases. The last duty was the most difficult of all for they had so little money and many articles could be bought only in the morning. At times he went out into the country to buy provisions but he did not enjoy this because he was often chased away from the farmers' houses.

After all his duties had been attended to he sat down by his mother's bed and they talked, mostly of the time in Denmark, the wonderland,

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where there was plenty to eat and where there were kind people. But an undercurrent of sadness ran through their talk for it was filled with longing.

November had come and Mrs. Selmer was no better. She was still confined to bed and the doctor declared that she might not be able to get up before July. Henry was in despair. They did not have money enough and besides they had not heard from Denmark.

"I am going to try to sell matches on the street," Henry said one evening while he sat and talked with his mother. "So many boys do it."

"No, Henry, I do not like the idea," his mother said. "It is not good for you to wander about the streets. I shall soon be well again and then it will be all right."

"I could stop when you were well," Henry suggested. But his mother shook her head.

"You must not think of doing that. If we could only get a few potatoes once in a while. They are cheap and filling. But you can't get to market early enough when you go to school. It would be fine to have a few potatoes."

"I have heard that there is a place on Maria-Hilferstrasse where they have plenty of potatoes.

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I will go there to-morrow. It is Friday and it will not matter if I am a little late at school."

"Yes, try that," his mother said. "But be careful. There are sometimes fights at the potato shops."

"Oh! there's no danger; the police will keep order," Henry told her. As a matter of fact he was not as confident as he pretended to be. He had several times got hard knocks on such trips and often he had returned with an empty basket after waiting several hours.

"When will you go?" his mother asked.

"I will go at five, so as to get in the front row."

"That is very early and you will be cold," his mother complained.

"I'm never cold," he declared, laughing. "You can look for me at nine, mother, and we'll have potatoes for dinner."

"Don't be too sure," his mother warned him. But Henry nodded vigorously to show his assurance. "It will be all right if I wake up. But you must help me."

His mother promised to help him but she was sound asleep when he crept out of bed at four o'clock and left her. She was making up for lost time for she had not slept the two preceding nights.

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When Henry went out on to the sidewalk he felt like turning back. It was pitch dark and he thought he heard footsteps, first on one side, then on the other. He had to use his imagination to overcome the fear that oppressed him. He was a courier carrying important papers. The fate of his country was at stake. No, he was in Denmark and the Danish king had entrusted important documents to him, which he must deliver safely. The country was attacked by the enemy, but many Austrians, he among them, had hastened to her assistance. He had to go through the enemy's country. It was a dangerous commission but the greater the danger the greater the honor. He would let the king see that the papers came into the right hands.

Henry hastened off through the dark, empty streets. He was in Denmark and Carl was with him. He had insisted on his company. But as soon as he thought of Carl he forgot his duties as courier. He recalled the happy days at Kjaerholm and wondered why they had not heard from Denmark. He had written that his mother was sick. They must have received the letter a month ago. Perhaps there would be a package when he came home.

As Henry approached Maria-Hilferstrasse the

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dark streets grew more lively. Men, women and children hurried along, most of them carrying baskets. Some of them carried bundles to exchange with the peasants for food. When he reached the shop there were already a number of people ahead of him. Henry found a place to sit down on the lowest step. He put his basket between his legs, raised his coat collar, stuck his hands in his pockets, and began to whistle softly "The Time I Marched Away." Carl had taught him this Danish soldier song and he knew all the verses by heart.

"Have you been in Denmark?" a little, thinly clad boy by his side asked him.

"Yes," said Henry, "have you?"

"I have been there twice. It is beautiful in Denmark, don't you think so?"

"I should say it is. I lived near the ocean. I saw a wreck and I went out in the lifeboat."

"I have never seen the ocean," the little half-frozen fellow said. "I lived in a great forest. There were many trees and there were flowers in the forest. I ran about there every day and saw deer and ravens. It was near a town called Sorö."

"I lived at a big farm," Henry said. "They had lots of animals there, horses and cows. I

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could have all the milk to drink I wanted and they had regular mountains of potatoes. If I might only go there again."

"I shall never go to Denmark again."

"Why not?" asked Henry.

His little companion was silent for a moment and then he said very quietly:

"I am sick. The doctor says I can't live much longer. Mother says it is not so hard to die and when I am dead I shall be all right. There is no war in heaven and nobody is hungry. I shall meet father up there. He fell in Russia."

"My father fell in the War, too," Henry said. He thought that might comfort the other a little.

They sat for a while without speaking. All around them was a mass of people, each one trying to get a better position in the line. It was still dark and it would be a long time before the shop was opened.

Henry saw that his little comrade had no overcoat and he took off his coat and wrapped him in it.

"You are so kind," he said, gratefully.

"No, I am not cold. I have warm underclothes," said Henry. "You may keep it until we are through here."

They continued to make the time pass quickly

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by telling about their experiences in Denmark. The little fellow was named Stephen and he was eight years old. He could not remember his father, who had been a merchant, but he had once seen his old store. He had had a brother and a sister but they were both dead.

Henry was about to tell him about his mother and his home when a commotion arose. Angry words and oaths sounded and some of the men began to use their fists.

"Let us break into the shop," some one cried. "Why should we stand here and freeze? Let's help ourselves and get it cheaper. We won't wait any longer. Food for our wives and children!"

Some ran away, others pressed forward and there were loud cries from the women and children. Henry and Stephen kept their places for they were afraid to move. The fierce cries of the mob continued.

Suddenly a policeman appeared on the top step of the stone stairway. He raised his hand for silence and cried out:

"Be sensible. If you help yourselves everything will soon be taken and there will be nothing left for the rest of you."

"Down with him!" resounded the voices of

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the mob. "He is one of those that brought us into the War!"

But the policeman spoke again with indignation:

"Where were you when we marched against Serbia? You cried hurrah and sang together in praise of the War. I know most of you and I am telling the truth. Now you must bear the curses of the War and learn a lesson from them. All who sang and cried hurrah at that time should be quiet now."

"Down with him, down with him!" they shouted. "Knock him down like a dog; he is mocking us!"

A heavy stone came hurtling over the heads of the bystanders and struck the policeman on the head and he fell down. At the same time a number of automobiles rushed up and a warning shot was fired. In a moment everybody fled. The strong knocked down the weak; men trampled over women and children in their frantic efforts to escape.

When Henry saw the policeman fall he seized hold of Stephen and tried to force his way through the crowd. But they were submerged in the avalanche of fugitives. Stephen fell. Henry tried to lift him to his feet but was thrown aside and

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fell himself. When he got up he tried to run back but he was borne along by the stream of people to a side street. He wished to return but he was so dazed that he could not move. Henry sat for a long time not knowing what to do. He had lost his coat and basket and he had no potatoes. The worst of all was the uncertainty about Stephen.

When he finally returned to Maria-Hilferstrasse everything was quiet again. In front of the shop were many soldiers and policemen. He was stopped before he had reached the shop and ordered back. He asked about Stephen, but the soldier did not know anything about him. Some people had been taken to the hospital but he did not know who they were. He advised Henry to hurry home.

When Henry came home he told his mother of his experiences. She listened with terror but when she noticed his anxiety about the strange little boy she tried to console him.

"He has probably got home safely," she said. "You have his address. You can go to see him to-morrow and get your coat."

XVII

STEPHEN'S DEATH

THE next morning at school Henry could not collect his thoughts. In the arithmetic lesson he did only one sum, his dictation was full of mistakes, and during the history lesson he hardly realized what they were talking about. All the time his thoughts were with Stephen. He wished to free himself from blame and the more he thought about it the more certain he became that there was nothing he could have done to help him.

Mr. Münther noticed that Henry was listless but did not disturb him. Every day some of the children were that way but he overlooked it. In almost every home there was sickness; poverty and misery sat at every table. He could not help them but he could close his eyes and keep quiet.

As soon as Henry was dismissed he hurried home. When he stood by his mother's bed he saw that something had happened.

"Is there a letter from Denmark?" he asked.

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But when his mother said no he had a feeling that there was something the matter with Stephen.

"There is a message from Stephen's mother asking you to come there," his mother said. "He has been talking about you almost all night. The doctor says he cannot live long."

"Was he struck?" Henry asked, gasping for breath.

"I don't know, Henry," his mother said. "But you had better run right around there. If you are hungry you can take a piece of bread with you."

Henry had no difficulty in finding his way but when he reached the garret he found three doors and he did not know which was the right one. Then he heard Stephen's voice:

"Mother, he must come now. I have waited so long. Why doesn't he come?"

He heard footsteps cross the floor and the middle door opened. Before him stood a tall, very thin woman. She did not speak but beckoned to him and he entered a small room, the only furniture of which was a narrow cot by the window.

Henry remained standing near the door but Stephen called to him:

"Come here. I have been waiting for you all day. I am glad to see you."

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When Henry saw Stephen's pale face and observed the rags with which he was covered he could not force a word through his lips.

"Don't you remember me?" Stephen asked. "I feel all right now; it doesn't hurt any more. But I have been waiting so long for you."

"Did they strike you?" Henry asked.

"No, but they trampled on me and I couldn't get up. But it doesn't hurt any more. I'm all right now."

Stephen's thin little hand fumbled over a ragged sack. He stretched it out towards Henry and said:

"Sit down. We have no chairs but you can sit on my bed. **And** now tell me about Denmark. We had such a good time yesterday, didn't we? Won't you come every day as long as I am in bed and tell me about Denmark? It makes me feel as if I were there to hear you talk."

Henry sat down on the edge of the bed. He wanted to take Stephen's hand but the presence of his mother embarrassed him. But when she spoke to him all his embarrassment disappeared and he felt as if they were old friends.

"Thank you for coming. Stephen has been calling for you all night," she said. "Can't you stay here a little while? I will go out and try

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to get a little wine. He can't eat anything and he is so weak."

Henry promised to stay and she thanked him warmly. After she had gone Stephen said:

"You are so kind. Now tell me something about Denmark. Tell me everything you can remember and to-morrow I will tell you. I am so tired to-day."

Henry told about Kjaerholm and the people there, about Carl who at first had not liked him but who afterwards had become his best friend. He told about the boat trips with Mads Dyre, the white cat, Pussy, and Strut, the hen, and about the bull which the gang had taken out of his stall. He told about the flat white beach that stretched so far north and south and about the ocean which was sometimes as still as a lake and at other times so wild that no one could go down to the beach. But Stephen had never seen the ocean and it all seemed strange to him.

"Can't you tell me something about the forest and the high trees?" he asked. "There was no beach where I was but there was a great forest and it was so beautiful. Can't you tell about the forest? My foster father was a forester and he knew so much about trees, what their names

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were and how old they were. And about some of them he could tell stories."

Henry shook his head. There were no woods where he had been and the few trees there were dwarfed and almost leafless.

"Tell about the forest and the trees," Stephen begged. His cheeks were flushed and he gasped for breath. But his eyes were bright with expectation.

"I cannot," Henry said, cautiously taking hold of Stephen's thin hand. But at that moment he came to think of the wonder tale of the fir tree. Mr. Münther had read it to them once and he had often read it himself in Denmark for it was a Danish story, written by the children's poet, Hans Christian Andersen. He could tell that and Stephen would enjoy it.

And Henry told about the little fir tree in the beautiful big forest, about its ambitions and longings, about the hare that jumped over it and the little peasant children who sat about it and strung strawberries on straws. He remembered many details for he was a clever story-teller, and Stephen's happy grateful eyes increased his confidence.

When Henry had finished there was a moment's

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silence in the little room. Then Stephen whispered:

"That was a beautiful story about the woods and the tree. It was almost as if I had been in Denmark. You must tell me that story again before you go."

"I'll be glad to," Henry promised. "I will come again to-morrow and tell it to you then."

"Thank you, you are so kind," Stephen said, lying back and closing his eyes.

"I will sleep until mother comes back," he whispered. "I will dream about the little fir tree and you must not call me until mother comes."

When Stephen's mother came back half an hour later Henry raised his hand warningly.

"He is asleep," he whispered. "He has been asleep for a long time."

She went cautiously over to the bed and bent down over Stephen. She stood as if she were listening.

"He is dead, my boy," she said quietly. "But it is best. He will not be hungry any more."

Henry had no recollection of how he left the room and got home. But when he stood by his mother's sick bed he was filled with terror lest she too should die. How could he get her food?

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Why should she be hungry? She had done no wrong; she was the best mother in the world. But neither had Stephen done any wrong. He did not understand it but his terror did not forsake him.

XVIII

BEGGARS

WINTER had come to Vienna. The cold descended from the mountains and penetrated the houses. Only the rich could afford to buy fuel to keep it out. Stoves were cold in thousands of homes and their people tried to warm themselves with bedclothes, overcoats, rags and paper. But many, especially children, succumbed.

Cold and hunger joined hands and threatened to destroy the beautiful gay city on the blue Danube. The younger children cried all day and every day. But many older children learned that weeping and complaining did not help matters. All the crying in the world would not fill an empty cupboard. In desperation they wandered about the streets on the lookout for stray crowns to be gained either by working or by begging. The many foreigners in the city gave generously. Some of the children sold matches instead of begging but at twenty Austrian crowns a box they did not earn much.

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Some of the small street merchants and beggars were homeless, many were War orphans, others had been driven from home because there were too many mouths to fill. During the summer they spent the nights in the parks or in sheds or hallways but it was harder for them to find shelter in winter. Many of them went to lodging houses for the homeless, dingy houses in narrow streets, and their grown-up companions concealed them from the landlords and the police.

At one time there were articles in the newspapers about the vagabond children and the question was discussed at a meeting of the city council.

“What do you want?” cried a well-known physician, addressing the reporters. “Do you want the children to lie down in a corner at home and wait for starvation? You write that they run wild and are without elevating influences. If they begged for money to buy candy and for amusements you would be quite right. But for most of them it is a matter of life and death. These little beggars are undergoing a harder discipline than any of us had. Our children are living in a terrible time. Many of them see nothing but poverty and distress and these are increasing every month. We have tried to help them but we can do little, for our money has slight value.

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We have had to close a third of our food stations. But the worst of it all is that the Americans, Danes, Hollanders, and all the other foreign nations that have helped us are growing tired of it for the task seems endless and hopeless.

“Many of our children are going to the dogs, but let us not condemn those who are ready to struggle on to the last. We owe them rather a prayer that they may clear away the many obstacles and grow up into the youth and manhood that will carry our poor country to a better day.”

The speech aroused attention and many papers published editorials in support of it. But the number of beggars increased and gangs of larger boys were formed that often came in conflict with the police. But even these were not attacked by the newspapers. They did not attempt to defend them but neither did they criticize them. They realized that it was a fight for life against hunger and cold.

One day Henry stood in front of the Hotel Bristol. He had no overcoat and he was cold but he did not move. He stood and looked at the passers-by as if he were waiting for somebody. Presently a lady and gentleman, both in fur coats, approached. Henry took off his cap, stretched out his hand and said, “Please!” That was all he

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said but his big black eyes told the rest and the lady whispered something to her companion. The gentleman put his hand into his pocket and took out a bundle of bills of a thousand crowns and less. He selected one and gave it to Henry. It was a ten-crown bill. Henry made a deep bow and thanked him. The lady gave him a friendly smile but the gentleman went on without showing the slightest interest.

Henry stuck the bill in his pocket—it was the first one. He had stood a whole hour before he could muster courage to make the attempt. He stamped on the ground. He had on his old shoes and they were thin. But he was contented as long as he could bring home some money.

Suddenly a ragged little fellow came up.

“What are you doing here?” he asked, angrily. “This is our place. There are five of us and there is no room for any more.”

Henry looked at the protesting youngster who was without a cap and who wore a thin summer jacket. His feet were bound with a cloth.

“I have just as much right here as anybody,” Henry said, quietly. He was not so sure of his ground as he seemed for he realized that the little fellow was in greater need than he was.

“You are not poor enough to beg,” the other

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laughed, scornfully. "Go home and eat cakes! This is no place for rich people."

Henry saw that his competitor had the advantage over him. He was an expert beggar and his clothes spoke more eloquently than Henry's. He hastened down the street. He must find another place. He must earn some money. Christmas was near and they had hardly enough money for dry bread.

He stopped in front of one of the banks and examined his surroundings. There was only an old woman who was selling matches and it looked safe.

It was hard for Henry to get started. He was afraid he would meet some acquaintances. He looked all around as if he were about to steal and then put out his hand.

"Please!" There was no result and another attempt was equally unsuccessful. After the first few small bills he grew bolder. He worked until it grew dark, when he turned into a side street and by the light of a street lamp counted his earnings. There were two hundred and seventy-six crowns. It was not much, not enough to buy two pounds of flour. He had hoped for better results but he was happy over what he had. The only difficulty now was to explain to his mother how he had

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earned the money. He could not tell her that he had been begging. What could he do? He would have to lie.

In spite of the cold Henry's cheeks burned with shame. He dreaded the moment when he would have to look his mother in the eye and lie. He had never lied to his mother. There had never been any occasion for it, for he had been able to tell her everything. She had always understood him. But he could not tell her that he had been begging, especially now when she was sick.

Henry was not familiar with this part of the city and he soon lost his way. After he had walked about for an hour he thought of taking a street car but he quickly decided that it would cost too much. They needed all the money at home.

Suddenly a church appeared and he recognized it as St. Stephen's Cathedral. He and his mother had often attended mass there. He went in. He had reached a decision. But when he was in the great interior he became confused. Many candles were burning, both on the high altar and on the side altars. He bowed his head, crossed himself and went up towards the high altar and found a place by the side of an old man who was about to light a candle with trembling hands.

It occurred to Henry that he had no candle

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and that perhaps his effort was useless. He did not know what prayer to use but after he had folded his hands he gazed at St. Stephen's face with its expression of pain. No prayer crossed his lips but he looked at the suffering martyr and recalled all his sufferings. It was not easy to pray for leave to lie.

Then he recollected that he must hasten home and he hurried out of the church. He had some difficulty in finding his way but at last he reached his own neighborhood and climbed the steep stairs to his home. He had formed a plan for explaining himself to his mother but he was still anxious.

"Where have you been, Henry?" his mother asked, as soon as he entered. She was sitting up in bed and in spite of the feeble light of the tallow candle Henry saw that she was alarmed.

"I have . . . do you know, mother, I have. . . . Here are two hundred and seventy-six crowns that I have earned." Henry stood by the bed but he took care to keep his face in the shadow.

"Two hundred and seventy-six crowns! Where did you earn it?" his mother asked, taking the money.

Henry's eyes began to waver but he saw that his mother trusted him.

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"I have been selling matches," he said. "I went to a dealer and he gave me some to sell and . . . I sold them."

"But I can't understand that, Henry. How much do you make on a box?" She looked keenly at him but he did not waver. He knew how much could be made selling matches.

"I make two crowns. But some people give tips. One gentleman gave me a hundred crowns."

"Wasn't it cold, Henry?" his mother asked. But Henry shook his head. He knew that he was over the worst of it now. "No, mother, it wasn't cold," he assured her. "I ran back and forth and it was such fun. May I go again to-morrow right after school?"

Mrs. Selmer stroked his hand affectionately and he felt the blood rush into his cheeks and he cast his eyes down.

"Henry," Mrs. Selmer said, struggling with tears. "I had never supposed that we should descend so low that you would have to sell matches on the street. Poor boy! But I must let you do it. You may sell matches until I am well again but not longer. Then I will work until late at night and we will make out. But you must wear your overcoat to-morrow."

Henry realized that the danger was over and

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he was happy but the blush of shame was still on his cheeks. He had lied to his mother for the first time in his life and he would have to keep it up for some time. He kissed her and got up to light the little spirit lamp to make her a cup of tea.

After the tea was drunk Henry began to talk about what occupied his thoughts all the time.

"Don't you think we shall soon get a letter from Denmark? We have written three times. Mads Dyre promised to write, too, and to send a big codfish."

"There will be a letter some day," his mother said. "They wrote that they would send a letter every week and occasionally some money. They have not forgotten us, Henry. Perhaps we shall get a letter to-morrow."

"We haven't heard for four weeks," Henry said, "and Mads Dyre has not written at all."

"He is an old man," Mrs. Selmer said. "You must not forget that. Old people do not move quickly."

"Do you think we shall ever go to Denmark again?" Henry asked. "May I go to the Hofburg soon and speak to them about it?"

"There are no trains in the winter," Mrs. Selmer said. "But perhaps you may go in the spring."

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I shall never go there again but that does not matter."

Henry sat and stared into the flickering flame of the candle and for a moment he forgot the cold in the many bright memories. Every day they came and warmed him but afterwards it seemed darker and colder and emptier than ever.

"You had better go to bed, Henry," his mother said. "You will be cold. To-morrow we can buy a little kindling and coal. It is a week since we have had a fire."

As Henry began to undress he felt the cold in his shoulder blades and his feet. But it was warm in bed and as he wrapped the blankets around him his body absorbed the delicious warmth and he was soon thawed out and ready for a final chat with his mother.

"It would be nice," his mother suggested, "to invite Carl and his parents to visit us in Vienna and show them all the beautiful places here. But that can never be."

"We should have to have a larger apartment," he said, quietly, "at least one more room. But we'll get that when I am grown up and can earn money. And we'll invite them, Mads Dyre and all the rest."

Henry grew quite excited and they talked for a

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long time about how everything should be arranged and what their guests should see. Henry convinced himself finally that that day would surely come. Mrs. Selmer was less certain but she saw that their castles in Spain pleased Henry and she joined heartily in the building plans.

Finally Mrs. Selmer grew tired and fell asleep but Henry continued to form plans until his thoughts returned to the present. He decided to cut school and begin begging early in the morning, just for one day. He was doing well in his studies and Mr. Münther would not mind. Perhaps he could earn a thousand crowns.

Then Henry snuggled in bed ready to sleep. He had come to like the long nights which he often spent in Denmark.

XIX

THE TRUANT

HENRY begged every day and earned money for food and rent. But day by day he grew more and more disgusted and at last he had only one wish, that his mother might get well so that he could stay home and give up begging. He had hoped that he would grow accustomed to it after a while but he could not acquire the necessary boldness. He was tongue-tied and was easily frightened by a cross face. Moreover, his clothes were too good, for, although they were old and thin, they were clean and neatly patched. He never wore his overcoat while begging but hid it in the cellar no matter how cold it was. That was another deception and when his mother expressed her joy that he had his warm coat for the cold walks he turned away. He spoke as little as possible about his work but when his mother advised him to give up his business on account of his cough he eagerly assured her that he would stop as soon as she was well but not before.

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On the streets Henry found both friends and enemies. But more enemies than friends. The keen competition easily led to quarrels. However, Henry did make friends with a veteran who sat at the bottom of the main entrance to the opera house. He had lost both legs above the knees and he sat on a bundle of sacks and stretched out his hand and cried, "Bitte, bitte!"

Henry had been driven from his place by two big boys and was obliged to find another corner. He was in a bad humor for he had earned very little and was racked by a severe cough. When he came to the front of the opera house and saw that there was nobody there except the old veteran he decided to stay. From time to time he glanced at the veteran who spoke to him in a friendly voice and asked him many questions. At last Henry sat down beside him and engaged in a pleasant chat. Henry described his sick mother, his troubles on the street, and his visit to Denmark where nobody was hungry. The veteran in turn told about himself. He had five children for whom he had to get food. His wife brought him back and forth and she worked like a horse whenever she could get anything to do. Sometimes she begged, too, but not successfully.

Henry and the old veteran parted that evening

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as friends and they had many a chat together later. Henry, however, did not return to the opera house square to beg, for he did not wish to interfere with his new friend.

One day Henry was attacked by five boys, former competitors, who stole his money and beat him. His only thought was to protect his face so that his mother might not see what had happened. He could not get up for some time after they had left him and he felt as if every bone in his body were broken.

That evening it was hard to conceal matters from his mother. In order to explain why he had no money, he said that the merchant had demanded payment for the matches in advance because some of the boys had cheated him. He pretended to fall asleep as soon as he came to bed but he lay awake all night burning with fever. Never before had he longed so for Denmark as that night.

Henry's chief fear was that he might meet one of his teachers and it was not long before this fear was realized. One Sunday morning he found a vacant place. He worked hard encouraged by the hope that his mother would soon be well again and that he could give up his hateful occupation.

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“Bitte, bitte!”

He stemmed the stream of passers-by and was unusually successful. It was the Sunday before Christmas and people were more than usually kind-hearted. Suddenly he felt a hand on his shoulder and when he turned around he faced his teacher, Mr. Münther, the teacher he loved and almost worshiped as a god and whom he was most anxious to avoid. Henry's cheeks turned scarlet and if Mr. Münther had not seized hold of him he would have fallen.

“Come, Henry,” Mr. Münther said, “I was just going into a restaurant for a cup of coffee. You won't object to drinking a cup with me, will you?” Mr. Münther drew Henry after him and entered a small restaurant and they found a room free from other customers.

“Sit down on the sofa,” Mr. Münther said, taking a chair with its back to the gray daylight. Henry obeyed without looking up. His eyes were concealed by the long, dark lashes. He had always before looked frankly at Mr. Münther but to-day he could not.

Mr. Münther did not break the silence until after the coffee had been served and they were alone again. He placed his hand over Henry's and said quietly:

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"My poor boy, you need not look down. You have nothing to be ashamed of. I know that life is at stake. It will make no difference with me and I shall love you as much as ever."

Henry felt like crying but he kept back the tears.

"Were you begging on those three mornings when you were out of school?" Mr. Münther asked. He spoke more like a friend than a teacher and Henry nodded.

Mr. Münther knew what hunger was from experience—his salary was small and his family large. Like all salaried men he knew the bitterness that accompanied the struggle of getting through the years during and after the War.

"Understand me, Henry," he said. "I invited you in here because I wished to talk with you and learn how you were getting along at home. I did not wish to judge you. If there is nothing else for you to do, then continue with your begging. I am sure you will stop when it is no longer necessary. If you have to stay from school occasionally I will close my eyes for I know that I can depend upon you."

Henry's head sank lower and lower while Mr. Münther was speaking, finally he could not restrain himself any longer and began to cry. The

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coffee remained untouched and Mr. Münther sat deep in thought. Everything seemed to him so hopeless, and where was the dawn of a better day? Here was one of his best scholars, a boy from a good home, and now he was a beggar. Nor was he the only one—there were many others.

During this period of starvation the influence of the school faded and many of the children succumbed to cold and hunger or the temptations of the street.

Mr. Münther sat for a long time gazing out in the dim room. He wished to comfort Henry but he did not know what to say. He recalled him on the day he said farewell before going to Denmark. Then, only nine months ago, there had been color in his cheeks and a smile on his lips.

“Henry, have you heard from Denmark recently?” Mr. Münther asked, breaking the silence.

“No, not for a month,” Henry replied, for the first time looking at Mr. Münther. “I am afraid they have forgotten us. Mr. Lund is so busy and so is Mrs. Lund.”

“Forgotten you! No, Henry, I do not believe that. But it is a long way between Denmark and Austria. Maybe a letter or a package has been lost. That has happened before. You ought to write to Denmark.”

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"We have had two letters since we came home," Henry said, "and there was money in each of them. Each time we wrote and thanked them. The last time they wrote that they would send a package but it never came. And there was a fisherman named Mads Dyre. He said he would send a big codfish but it never came. I should not mind so much about the packages if they would only write. I want so much to hear how they all are. It would be almost as if I were there again."

Henry had spoken eagerly. The thought of Denmark had begun sorrowfully but it ended in joy, and while they drank the cold coffee he told of his experiences in the wonderland of the west coast. Once started, Henry hurried from one story to another and Mr. Münther by timely questions encouraged him to continue.

Finally Mr. Münther laid his hand on Henry's hand and said:

"We must go now. I promised to come home right away but when I saw your frightened face I felt that I must have a chat with you. In the coming days I shall think of you and I may be able to find some means of helping you. But you must not be too confident. There are so many to be helped and so few helpers."

When Henry came home he did not mention

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having met Mr. Münther. It had suddenly occurred to him that Mr. Münther might come to see them and that both he and his mother would learn that he had lied. He was quieter than usual that evening. His joy had given place to anxiety and he lay awake many hours, his mind filled with troubled thoughts. He tried to excuse himself but his conscience would not allow him this comfort.

On Christmas Eve his mother felt strong enough to be up all day and Henry stayed home. But the Christmas spirit was lacking; there were too many worries and they had not heard from Denmark.

At New Year's after the rent had been paid, all of Henry's earnings had been spent. Henry could not bring himself to start begging again. He wished that he might get a job as a delivery boy but most of these positions gave only meals and there was great competition for them.

XX

THE ARREST

THE new year gave promise of no improvement over the old one. Prices of everything rose rapidly and food and fuel allowances were withdrawn. The government was no longer able to pay for them and everybody was left to shift for himself.

Soon after the beginning of the new year Mrs. Selmer returned to her sewing but she was easily tired and could no longer work at night. Her employer threatened to discharge her but was persuaded to allow her to continue. She earned only half as much as formerly.

What worried her even more than the hard times and the effects of her illness was Henry's changed behavior. His former gentleness and gayety had given place to a sullen reserve and he spoke scarcely a word. She wondered if he were suffering from the hard times or from his longing for Denmark and his friends there. For his sake she hoped that they would soon hear from Denmark. She had very little hope but

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she could not understand why their friends did not write.

At times she was filled with anxiety. Every day Henry went off right after school and did not return until evening when he would bring a hundred or three hundred crowns. One evening he had six hundred crowns. He no longer sold matches but he said that he did odd jobs. He had a schoolmate, Max, with whom he went and Max knew about the best places in town for making money. She had begged him to stay home but he had shaken his head and replied that they needed the money.

She could not overcome her anxiety. There were so many children those days that went astray and not a few disappeared. She wished that she might forbid his going but she knew that she could not deny him when he asked her so eagerly.

One evening when Henry came home with eight hundred crowns she asked him to tell her how he had earned so much. Henry said that they had received four hundred crowns for accompanying a blind old officer to town. They had been paid a thousand crowns for selling some rings and a gold watch to a jeweler for a gentleman whom Max knew. They had received six hundred crowns for distributing some letters.

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When Henry had finished his mother stood in front of him and looked intently at him as if she were trying to make him reveal each hidden thought.

"Do you know the gentleman for whom you sold the rings and the watch?" she asked.

"No, but Max knows him."

"But, Henry, suppose he stole them. That would bring you into serious trouble."

"I'm sure he hasn't stolen them, mother. He is a nice man. He lives in a handsome apartment with rugs and many pictures. We went to see him there."

Mrs. Selmer reflected for a moment and then said:

"Perhaps they are his own property. There are many people nowadays who sell articles of their own. But you must not do this any more, Henry. He may be a thief. You are not able to judge about that."

"But we need the money, mother," Henry said. "You may get sick again or I might get sick. If we have to pay two thousand crowns for a doctor and medicine this money will come in handy. Perhaps I can make enough to take us to Denmark. I am sure they haven't forgotten us."

"You talk like a grown man but you are really

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only a child. You must listen to me, Henry. I am not at peace as long as you are out on the street. I do not know Max and he will not come to see us. Why does he take you along? Can't he lead the old officer and distribute the letters alone? Why does he share the money with you? I do not understand it at all."

"He is my friend and he wishes to help us. I met him just before Christmas and told him that you were sick. After the holidays he asked me if I didn't want to go with him. I have told you all that before, mother."

"Is his father a merchant?"

"I think so. He says they live in Maria-Hilferstrasse but I have never been there. We meet at the Meidlinger station. His clothes are not as good as mine but he has never been away on a vacation trip."

There was a moment's silence while Mrs. Selmer again gazed at Henry. She was not sure that he was telling her the truth and she feared that he might have yielded to the many temptations of the street. She missed her husband. She was quite alone, with no one to advise her. She took Henry's hand and said:

"Look at me, Henry. Can't you sell matches

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again? That was much better than this uncertain work. I am more anxious than ever."

When Henry heard this request he lowered his eyes and blushed.

"No, I can't do that," he stammered. "There are too many selling matches and you can make scarcely anything by it."

Mrs. Selmer let go his hand.

"You really did sell matches? It doesn't seem altogether consistent."

"Yes, mother, of course I sold matches before Christmas."

Mrs. Selmer was not convinced but she thought it would be wiser not to pursue the matter further just then. Perhaps she would meet Max in a few days. If she did not she would forbid Henry to go with him until she had spoken with him.

That night neither Henry nor his mother got much sleep. They were both worried and undecided what to do. Henry considered the question of staying home but he could not reach any decision. His chief incentive was the hope of going to Denmark. But the thought that his mother might fall sick again impelled him to go on with his work.

The next day when he started off his mother was sewing. He kissed her and promised to be back

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not later than nine o'clock. He tried for the first time in several weeks to smile but without success.

Henry was to meet Max at two near the railroad station but when he arrived Max was not to be seen. He waited for him until three when he left to fetch the old blind officer. After performing this duty he returned to the business section in the hope of picking up an odd job. Wherever he went he met with refusals. Finally he decided to go to the opera house square to greet his friend the veteran and then to go home. But at the corner of the square he ran right into the arms of a policeman who seemed very much pleased with his capture.

"You came just at the right moment," the policeman said. "I have been hunting for you. I thought you sometimes came around here."

For a moment Henry could not move; then he tried to escape. But the policeman's iron hand held him firmly.

"Come along quietly," he said. "We'll get an auto and you can ride. We've caught the other fellow and he must have confessed so you might as well give in."

Henry felt as if he could not breathe. He tried to scream but sank down unconscious. When he

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regained consciousness he did not know where he was and for a moment could not recollect what had happened. He stared at the naked, gray walls, at the little window under the ceiling and at the small electric light covered with netting. All of a sudden he recalled everything and cried like a wounded animal under the hunter's knife. He sprang towards the door and hammered on it with his fists.

Then he heard steps in the corridor and a key turn in the lock. He prepared to slip out, but when the door was half open and he tried to pass through he was thrown back into the cell so that he fell over the cot and struck his head against the wall.

"You want to run away, do you? I am glad you have come to. But if you don't shut your damned mouth I'll warm your ears for you so that they will never be cold again. Do you understand?"

In the doorway stood an enormous man with a terrifying face. On a mane of gray hair rested a uniform cap and his beard reached to the middle of his breast. He was nicknamed Barabbas, being the chief guard of the great prison.

The blow on his head had stunned Henry for a

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moment. When he regained his senses and saw this giant he closed his eyes and stretched out his hands in self-defense. He dared not scream.

"Lie down and go to sleep," Barabbas commanded. "There is a blanket under the cot. To-morrow you will appear in court and you must have your wits about you. Gronemann is to examine you and he is no joke."

The voice sounded milder and Henry opened his eyes.

"Can't I go?" he begged. "I haven't done anything. There must be a mistake."

"I've heard that story before," Barabbas laughed. "Every one that comes here is innocent. There was once a man here who was accused of murder. He wept and assured them that he was innocent but before they were through with him he confessed to that murder and to five others, so he was not quite innocent."

"Let me go," Henry begged. "Mother is waiting for me. She has been sick and can't stand it."

Henry threw himself down on the floor, embraced the guard's knees, and begged to be released.

Barabbas looked down at the boy who lay with the dim light cast on his face. He grew serious.

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He closed the door carefully, sat down on the cot, and lifted Henry up.

“What is your name?” he asked.

“Henry.”

“What have you done?”

Henry reflected for a moment, then shook his head and said:

“Nothing.”

Barabbas turned Henry's head so that the light fell over it. He wished to look in the prisoner's eyes. He had been a prison guard for thirty-five years and he had learned to read a person's eyes. During the past five years so many children had been put into prison that he knew something about them. The many children he had seen were vagabonds, most of them orphans.

“Are you telling the truth?” Barabbas asked.

“Yes.”

“But what are accused of? Why did the policeman arrest you?”

Henry began to cry.

“I don't know. I was walking along when a policeman seized me. I was just going to see a veteran who begs near the opera house and then I was going home.”

“Don't you know the boy Max?” Barabbas asked, his eyes growing cold and hard.

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"Yes."

"He was brought in this morning. He is in No. 63. Do you know what he has done?"

Henry's face showed its horror and Barabbas was about to push him away when Henry said:

"I know Max well. We go to school together and for the last three weeks I have been going out with him. We worked together but I have never seen him do anything wrong. Perhaps we did something wrong yesterday. We went to a jeweler for a gentleman and sold some rings and a watch. Mother told me I must not do that again for the gentleman may have stolen them."

"Well, we'll wait until to-morrow. If you tell a straight story it will be all right. But keep to the truth, that's the only thing worth while."

Barabbas started to get up but Henry threw himself on him.

"You mustn't go. I am afraid to be alone. Let me out. I must go home to mother."

"Now, now!" Barabbas grumbled. "Be quiet. You can't get out and I can't stay here all night. But I'll let the light burn."

"Can't you send a message to my mother?" Henry asked. "She is expecting me and she may get sick if I don't come."

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"Is it worth while to send word? She will learn soon enough where you are."

Henry was struck by the truth of Barabbas' words and he began to cry. It was quiet, despairing weeping and Barabbas was troubled by it.

"Keep quiet!" he said. "It is without doubt your own fault that you are here. If you seek bad company you don't know where it will land you. That is the trouble with you. You don't look bad, you are not a criminal, but I don't care for your friend. Now lie down on the cot and cover yourself with the blanket and keep quiet. You ought to be glad to have the light."

After Barabbas had left, Henry lay down and did not utter another word. He lay and stared at the door which had been slammed shut. Barabbas went into the guard room, restless and absent-minded. What was the matter with the boy? Wasn't the law too strict these days when everything was so impossible? When the War had taken a boy's father and thrown the son out on the street was there not room for mercy if he went astray?

During the thirty-five years of his service at the prison Barabbas had lost much of his natural sympathy. He had seen and heard so much brutality, defiance and hypocrisy, besides real repentance

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and sorrow, that he had at last grown indifferent to it all. It was his business to look after the cells and not to decide between innocence and guilt. That was other people's business. Occasionally he became interested in a prisoner but this happened less and less frequently. He had grown to be a determined man.

The recent years, however, with their many juvenile arrests, had more frequently disturbed his equanimity and aroused a warm interest in some little boy or girl. Many children lived under conditions that almost forced them into crime and he could not help sympathizing with them. Barabbas realized that this evening he had received a prisoner whom he could not easily forget. He looked like a bright, good boy and he had honest eyes.

But Max had a bad face and he was Henry's friend. They had been together on the occasion of the sale of the watch and the rings, but Max, when he confessed about the robbery in Johannessgasse, said that he did not know the boy who had accompanied him. He had met him accidentally and they had agreed to engage in the robbery. But that was the usual story and nobody believed it. The boy must have been Henry. It was a pity; he was too good a boy for roguery.

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"Are you sick, master?" asked one of the guards in the course of the evening.

Barabbas looked at him as if he would eat him up.

"Are you interested in that? Do you want my place as head guard?"

"I hadn't thought of it yet," was the answer.

"Then mind your own business," grumbled Barabbas.

A little while afterwards he said:

"You can go to No. 65 and see if the prisoner is asleep. It is a boy and he is sick, so the light is burning there. But be careful not to frighten him. He can't stand much."

The guard came back with the information that he was asleep. Barabbas himself went to Henry's door three times during the night and when his watch was up towards morning he remained. He wished to be present at the examination of Max and Henry that forenoon.

XXI

BEFORE THE JUDGE

JUDGE GRONEMANN was an official of recognized ability. Nobody could surpass him in presenting a case. He could be ingratiating, friendly or threatening. He could speak as if the case in point were a matter of indifference to him or he could take an interest in the accused as if it were a matter of life and death for him to save him. It was whispered that at times he used severe methods but this was never said aloud, so that nobody knew about it with certainty. All that was really known was that he could in an astonishing way sway the most hardened criminals.

Judge Gronemann was assigned to Max and Henry's case and when he examined Max he had the evidence so convincingly arranged that Max was forced to confess his guilt. There was only one point that Judge Gronemann could not prove. Max confessed that he had had a confederate but he declared that he did not know who he was.

"I think you will tell me everything to-day,"

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Judge Gronemann said when Max stood before him the following day. "I have found your confederate and he has confessed."

Max was a typical street arab. He was fourteen years old but insufficient nourishment made him look several years older. His boldness and suspicion were far beyond the normal for a boy of his age.

"I found him too. But do you know what his name is? For I don't."

"You lie!" thundered the judge. "I know his name and you know it too."

"No!" was the curt answer.

Barabbas stood behind Max. Although he had been awake all night he wished to attend the examination and had taken the guard's place.

"Let us repeat what we agreed upon yesterday," the judge said mildly. "Miss Glob was attacked at eight o'clock Wednesday evening in the entrance to No. 34 Johannesgasse and robbed of her pocketbook containing thirty thousand crowns and a necklace. A boy held her while you snatched the pocketbook from her. You were recognized by Miss Glob as you were running away and in addition the pocketbook and necklace were found in the coal cellar of your foster-parents' home."

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"I can't deny that."

"Tell us the name of your comrade and the case will be settled and you can both be sentenced. The sentence will be light if you will tell this."

Judge Gronemann had his mild expression. He was like a father talking to his son. But Max had learned all about him from a friend who had been arrested and he knew that his friendliness was only a trick.

"But judge, I have confessed what I know. Let me be sentenced. It was too bad that the lady knew me and I must pay for it. But I don't know what the other boy was. I had never seen him before." Max's thin freckled face expressed at the same time cunning and defiance. He was the street urchin who knew where he was going. Without friends or relatives he had nothing to lose, so he had no cause to worry.

But the judge grew furious.

"Do you give advice here? You lie. You know the other boy."

"Let it go at that," said Max.

"What is his name?" Judge Gronemann wished to prove the connection between Max and Henry before Henry appeared.

"Beg pardon, but it was you that said that I

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know him," Max said, mockingly. "Can't you tell his name?—for I can't."

Barabbas had been standing like a statue behind Max. He touched him on his arm and pinched him.

"Heed what you say, my boy. Don't be fresh here; it doesn't pay."

But the judge had regained his good humor and smiled.

"Yes, I can tell you his name. That's just what I can do. I have him and you will soon see him. His name is Henry Selmer."

Judge Gronemann looked at Max and observed an expression of horror in his eyes.

"It's not him," Max said. "I can tell you that. He doesn't do that sort of thing."

Barabbas moved so that he could see Max's face. The judge continued his examination.

"You know him?"

"Yes."

"Were you together the day of the robbery?"

"Yes, but only till half past seven."

The judge smiled mockingly.

"Was he with you at the jeweler's when you sold the watch and rings?"

Max was startled. He considered for a moment and then said:

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"No, I was alone."

"You lie!" The interruption came from Barabbas who was so old and respected that he was allowed free speech. "You lie, boy. Henry told me that he was with you."

"Perhaps he was lying," said Max in an injured tone.

"It's not likely," said Barabbas, smiling. "I didn't know anything about the story. He told me all about it."

Judge Gronemann now continued.

"Everything that you said is evidently not true. You want to protect Henry. But we'll get to the bottom of the matter. Henry was really at the jeweler's?"

"Yes," said Max angrily. "He did not know that the things had been stolen but I knew it."

"Yesterday I caught you in three lies; to-day we have so far caught you in one. Your last statement is probably not true but we'll leave that for the present. Tell me how long you have known Henry and what you have been doing."

Max stood and stared and the hard expression gradually left his face. He passed his hand through his red hair and began to speak quietly, almost despondently.

"My foster parents moved just before Christ-

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mas and I came to the same school as Henry. We sat together and I didn't like him at first, he was so handsome and had such good clothes and was so good. One day the teacher, Mr. Münther, said that Henry was the best boy in the school and that he would like the rest of us to be like him. Henry was absent that day but the next day I gave him a licking. He put up a good fight but I got him down and beat him.

"When we came before Mr. Münther, Henry begged that I should not be punished. He said that it was his fault, he had often been unfriendly when I wanted to talk to him and had once made fun of me. Soon after I learned that Henry had got his clothes in Denmark and that he did not have enough to eat, so I took him out every afternoon to make a little money. But Henry has never done anything bad. He isn't that kind."

Max ceased speaking and looked about him in embarrassment. He was not used to making such a long speech. Judge Gronemann and Barabbas observed him keenly. Each of them was anxious to decide how much truth lay in his words.

"You are fond of Henry?" the judge asked.

"Yes," answered Max.

"That is why you wish to protect him in return for his having helped you once?"

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"There is nothing about Henry to protect. He was not with me in the robbery and he didn't know that the watch and rings were stolen."

"Tell me the name of the boy who was with you," the judge said, still friendly and smiling.

"I don't know the boy. I met him on Johannesgasse and he asked me for a light. He spoke about the robbery and afterwards he got away. If I knew his name I would be only too glad to tell it to save Henry. But I don't know anything about him."

"Take him out," the judge said to Barabbas. "He is impertinent and an accomplished liar. He plays his part well but we will get him yet. Bring in Henry. We'll see if he is as obstinate."

Henry began by crying and begging to be released. But after a while he controlled himself and was able to answer the questions that were addressed to him. In the first place Henry gave an account of his past life and his parents and the judge cross-examined him thoroughly. Then came his acquaintance with Max and the judge became still more thorough.

"You were at the jeweler's with a watch and some rings day before yesterday?"

"Yes," said Henry. "But mother said that I must not do that any more."

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"They were stolen," said the judge.

Henry did not answer. He looked at Barabbas but Barabbas looked away.

"Did you know that they were stolen?" asked the judge.

"No, if I had I wouldn't have done it," Henry assured him, weeping.

"Do you know the gentleman from whom you got them?"

"No, I had never seen him before."

Judge Gronemann paused for a moment and then said quite casually:

"What was your share of the things that were stolen in Johannesgasse? Were you to share equally with Max?"

When Henry heard the question he broke into a loud cry and his eyes sought Barabbas.

"We didn't steal anything. Oh! let me out. I want to go home to mother."

"You must first tell us the truth," said the judge. "Max has confessed and the pocketbook that you stole has been found. You might just as well confess. You will get off the easier."

"I haven't stolen anything," Henry sobbed. "Let me out. I want to go home."

"Haven't you begged either?" the judge asked.

"Yes, I have, for mother was sick!" Henry

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cried. He was quite beside himself and sought protection from Barabbas, whom he embraced tightly. Barabbas turned him towards the judge but let his hands rest on his shoulders.

"When did you leave Max that evening and where did you part?" asked Judge Gronemann.

"I don't know," cried Henry. "I don't know anything about it. Oh, let me go and I'll promise never to run about the streets any more. But I did it because mother was sick." His whole body trembled and Barabbas had to support him.

But the judge continued.

"You don't know where you were but when I tell you that it was day before yesterday can't you remember anything?"

"No, I can't. I haven't stolen anything," sobbed Henry.

"Beg pardon, your honor, isn't it time to stop? The boy doesn't know what he is saying." Without realizing it Barabbas stroked Henry's hair.

"Are you crazy?" exclaimed the judge, springing up. "Will you tell me how to conduct the examination? That boy and the other one are in need of a whipping, then they would talk freely enough. You may mind your own business. You are a guard and nothing else."

"We should be human beings," Barabbas said

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quietly and put his arms about Henry. "Your honor, I have always minded my own affairs and nobody can deny it. But we now are living under conditions where both your position and mine seem to me hard. We have many children here and most of them don't belong. They are innocent even if they have gone wrong. It is the wretched War that we can thank for all this."

Judge Gronemann stood behind his desk pale as a sheet and gasped for breath. He had frequently noticed that Barabbas had opinions of his own but this was going too far.

"Let go of the boy and give him a box on the ears," he cried.

"I can strike in case of need but I will not strike a boy to make him confess," he said.

Judge Gronemann looked as if he could jump over the table. But he suddenly collected himself and said quietly:

"I shall take care that you are retired, Grüner. You are in your second childhood and need rest and quiet."

"You won't do that," Barabbas said, harshly. "If you harm me I will harm you. You haven't forgotten the newsboy you beat half to death. That will be enough for you and there are other cases like it."

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Judge Gronemann bit his lips. He had never liked Barabbas.

"You may take the boy out," he commanded. "But I warn you that if you ever behave this way again you will lose your position. You are an old man and childish."

Barabbas did not reply but led Henry back to his cell. When they had entered he sat on the cot and placed Henry before him so that the light fell on his face.

"Tell me the truth, boy! Are you guilty?" he asked and his expression was again as hard as steel.

"No, I am not," sobbed Henry. "Can't you help to get me out? What will mother and Mr. Münther say? It is terrible."

"Didn't you realize that Max was a bad comrade for you?" Barabbas asked.

"No, I didn't," Henry said, shaking his head vigorously. "He is clever at finding jobs and he shared with me. He didn't have to do that. Do *you* think I have stolen?"

Barabbas straightened himself.

"I don't know. But if you have I can excuse you. Like so many others you have suffered from the terrible misfortunes of our country."

That same evening Henry was interrupted in

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his sorrowful thoughts by the sound of a key in the lock. He hoped that it was Barabbas, for he was afraid to be left alone. But it was his mother, accompanied by the judge, who entered. Henry rushed to her and embraced her. The mother and son sat on the cot and for a long time they could only weep. The judge walked up and down the room impatiently. Mothers are all alike. After admitting to him that the children were probably guilty, as soon as they saw the children's tears they were ready to swear that they were as innocent as angels. The judge stopped in front of them and cleared his throat.

"Talk to him, Madam. That is what you came here for."

"Can't we be alone for a few moments?" Mrs. Selmer asked. "We can talk better alone." But this request was refused and they began to cry again.

"You must begin now or go," the judge said, angrily. "Do you think I can waste my time here? Hurry, you promised me to bring him to his senses."

It was a hard conversation for both Henry and his mother. He assured her of his innocence but she was not convinced. She begged him to tell the

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truth and he repeatedly cried that what he said was true.

“But you did not sell matches,” she complained. “You begged if you didn’t do something still worse. I believed you but I was often afraid when you came home with money. I believed you and I didn’t believe you. Why did you lie, Henry? Now I don’t know whether I can depend upon you.”

Henry had thrown his arms about his mother’s neck and his head lay against her shoulder. He remembered suddenly that he had lain so the day before his departure for Denmark when he had been overcome by the grief of parting from her.

“Mother, I was afraid to tell you that I was begging. We needed the money. You must not be angry with me for that. It was harder than to sell things to Joshua the peasant. I would rather have sold matches, but that paid so little.”

“Have you never been with Max when he stole?” Mrs. Selmer asked again, her voice trembling.

“No,” Henry whispered, sighing deeply.

“Look at me, Henry. Are you telling me the truth?”

“Yes, I am, mother. You must believe me even if nobody else does.”

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"If I only could," Mrs. Selmer exclaimed. "But I have heard so much about Max and I do not understand how you could have chosen him for a comrade. You must tell me the truth, Henry. Judge Gronemann has promised to help us if you will tell everything. You may be allowed to go home with me."

"You mustn't say that to him." It was Barabbas that spoke. He stood at the entrance, looking at the judge with a threatening expression.

"What are you doing here?" Judge Gronemann asked, his voice vibrating with suppressed anger.

"My watch begins at five o'clock," Barabbas answered.

"But you did not need to force your way in here," the judge cried, looking as if he were ready to spring on Barabbas.

"I always look in the cells when I go on duty. Is there anything wrong about that?" Barabbas said. "It is required by the rules."

"Shut your mouth!" thundered the judge.

"All right. But remember, Madam, it is equally bad to tempt with freedom and to threaten with punishment. That is my experience."

"Keep quiet!" the judge cried, springing with raised fist towards Barabbas.

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"I will keep quiet," Barabbas replied, "for the present."

Mrs. Selmer found it hard to part from Henry and Barabbas was finally forced to lead her out gently.

"I will be good to him," Barabbas whispered to her. "He will not be hurt."

"Do you believe that he is guilty?" Mrs. Selmer asked, looking up at the giant in terror.

"I don't know," Barabbas answered. "But I promise to look after him in any case."

XXII

THE VERDICT

THE case against Max and Henry lasted two months before the verdict was reached. They were sentenced to remain in a reform school until they had reached the age of eighteen. The day the sentence was announced Barabbas was in the court room and as soon as it had been pronounced he arose, pale and with blazing eyes.

“Henry is innocent!” he cried. “This is judicial murder.”

The presiding judge called him to order but he cried still louder:

“He is innocent! I have spoken with both of them and know that he is innocent.”

The judge looked around at the few spectators and read indifference in their eyes.

“When a prison guard is wiser than the court,” he said, sarcastically, “we must listen to him. But make it brief. Produce your evidence.”

Barabbas passed his hand nervously through his hair and beard and he looked uncertain.

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"The evidence!" repeated the judge, coldly.

"I have no evidence," stammered Barabbas, "but I know it."

The judge laughed mockingly and the spectators joined in. But Henry lay on the prisoners' bench and wept. Max looked as if he could spring on the judge.

"Miss Glob recognized both the boys and Henry has confessed besides," said the judge, looking about the court room in a superior manner.

"He has taken the confession back," said Barabbas. "Judge Gronemann beat him until he confessed. I was away that day. I have tried to tell this during the trial but could not."

"Unfortunately the police magistrate is not present. He would know how to defend himself. But I command you to leave the court room and you will be held responsible for your accusation."

Barabbas lifted his hand threateningly and said:

"I will go. But if it costs me my position I will get Judge Gronemann. That will not be hard."

That same evening Barabbas visited Max in his cell. He wished to have another talk with the boy.

"Will you still declare that Henry was not with you?" he asked.

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"Yes, he was not with me. I have said that all the time."

"Now listen carefully to what I say to you. You and Henry will certainly go to the same reform school. I will help to get you out. You must return to Vienna and find the boy who was with you. I will find a place for Henry, where he can stay until everything is settled. He must not remain at the reform school longer than necessary. I will let you hear from me as soon as possible."

"If only I might get out," said Max. "I will find him. I will look for him until I find him. It was stupid not to ask his name but it all went so quickly."

"Don't you think it is terrible that a boy whom you like goes to prison on your account?" asked Barabbas.

At this question Max for the first time in the whole affair lost his self-control. He threw himself weeping on to the cot and cried:

"I will get him out. Help to get me out and I will find the other boy."

Barabbas hurried out and went to cell No. 65. He would have liked to release Henry immediately but he dared not. He would have to wait. When he entered the cell Henry lay on the cot.

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Nothing that Barabbas said made any impression on him. The hardest thing to bear was his mother's lack of faith in him and it had helped a little when she came and told him that now she believed in his innocence, and that she would not doubt him any more.

"Does mother know that I am going away?" Henry asked, after a while. His voice was as lifeless as his eyes and he did not move.

"You know that your mother is ill," said Barabbas quietly. "But I will go out and comfort her as well as I can. Yesterday I spoke to Major Brunow. He has just got back from Denmark where he was sick for three months."

Henry sat up and a little color came into his cheeks and his eyes brightened.

"He helped me to go to Denmark. He knew father. Can't he help me? Can't I go to Denmark again? It was so fine there and it is so terrible here."

A warm stream of joy passed through the old guard. He had noticed many times before that the memories of Denmark could make Henry forget everything else but recently even this remedy had had no effect. There seemed to be no hope then.

"Perhaps he can do something for you," said

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Barabbas, stroking Henry's hair. "Your mother asked me to speak to him. He asked me to tell you that he had not forgotten you."

"He was so kind," said Henry. "He was in Denmark and visited my foster father. But I have told you that before."

While Henry was in the midst of his reminiscences about Denmark the door suddenly opened and Judge Gronemann stepped into the cell. Barabbas sprang up and turned towards him and Henry hid his face in his hands.

"I have come to tell you that you may give up your duties for the present," Judge Gronemann said. "You will never come back; you will be discharged."

"We'll see. Either you or I will go," Barabbas exclaimed. "You are higher up but maybe I have cleaner hands."

"Why do you take such an interest in this prisoner?" the judge asked. "You are an old man. Be sensible and mind your own affairs. Just keep quiet and I will settle things and you will be allowed to remain."

"No, your honor," Barabbas said, regaining his composure. "Perhaps you think he is guilty and do not feel that you have been too severe with him. I am convinced that he is innocent and if he is

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you have been his executioner. The moment I saw Henry I knew that I would be glad to find him innocent, and as soon as I knew that he was innocent I had to help him at any cost. You have always been a hard man. Now I hope that you will soon go. Children cannot stand such treatment, especially when they are innocent."

These last words made the judge angrier than ever and he said sarcastically:

"It's a pity you don't hold a higher position here. You seem to be a wise and warm-hearted man."

"No, far from it," said Barabbas, "but most people must recognize the misfortune of having our prisons and reform schools filled with children. It's all due to the War. Many of the children are innocent even if they have broken the law and they cannot be saved. But those who have not broken the law can be saved. You will come to see that."

"Now I command you to go," cried the judge, beside himself with rage. "If you don't go immediately I shall put you under arrest. You will hear further from me and I shall take care that you are discharged. I don't permit a prison guard to give me orders."

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Barabbas laid his hands on Henry's shoulders and said:

"Good-by, Henry, and God be with you, my boy. You don't think that He is with you now but there is so much that we don't understand. Just wait. Everything will turn out well."

When Barabbas passed the judge the latter stood with his arms crossed and with a mocking smile he asked:

"Do you think that God can reach within the walls of a reform school?"

"Yes, within your walls, too," said Barabbas.

"Are you sure of that?"

"Yes, now I am quite sure. Nobody mocks God unpunished."

XXIII

THE REFORM SCHOOL

THE reform school was an old paper factory that had been hastily remodeled to make room for some of the many boys from the engulfing swamp of Vienna. A large garden surrounded the school and a part of the building had been turned into shops for carpenters, cabinetmakers and smiths. There were also schoolrooms and a gymnasium. Everything was wisely planned to make the children take pleasure in their work.

But there was one fatal defect. The superintendent was a discharged sergeant who had never had much to do with children and with one exception his assistants were no better fitted for their task. Many teachers had fallen in the War and it was impossible to get proper persons for the new reform schools.

Henry and seven other boys, including Max, arrived at the reform school in the latter part of

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March and they were immediately summoned to the superintendent's office.

"Ah, Murmann, bring the papers!" cried the superintendent, as soon as they had entered. "Murmann, Murmann! Bring the papers."

But no Murmann appeared and the superintendent, who was a tall, muscular man about fifty years old, turned round and round, just like a dog chasing its own tail. The boys looked at him at first in amazement but at last they could not restrain a smile in which they were joined by the two attendants.

"Murmann, Murmann!" he called again, "bring the papers! I must get the boys' names."

"Beg pardon, but we know those ourselves," Max said. His good humor had been restrained so long that he felt like exercising it.

The superintendent stood for a moment and stared at Max.

"You know that yourselves? Take that!" Before Max knew it he received a hard box on the ears. But the superintendent availed himself of the suggestion and began to examine them about their names, ages and the reasons for their coming. Most of them had stolen, one had been a truant for a year and a half. Last of all he came to Henry.

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"Your name?"

"Henry Selmer."

"How old?"

"Thirteen years."

"And what have you done?"

"Nothing."

"Oh, you have done nothing. Take that!"

The box on his ears made him totter back.

"He's telling the truth!" exclaimed Max, bitterly. All his good humor was gone and his eyes blazed. "He hasn't done anything. It was me. I stole."

The superintendent rushed over to Max.

"If you don't shut up you will be put in the dungeon," he cried. "Don't speak unless you are spoken to."

Then he turned to Henry.

"Then you were with him when he stole?"

"No, I was not with him," Henry said, covering his face with his hand. He looked for another blow.

"Are you crazy, boy?" thundered the superintendent. "Do you dare come here and tell me that you haven't done anything? Take care that you don't get your back warmed. We'll drive your obstinacy out of you."

The superintendent then made a speech to the

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eight boys about their wickedness which he would drive out of them and about the many fine methods he had for doing this. Before he had finished he swelled with pride over his remarkable ability and eloquence. He was quite convinced that he was the right man in the right place.

When Henry lay in bed that evening he felt that he was wholly lost. He was far away from home and from all the people he knew. He wished he were back in his cell in Vienna where his mother lived. His mother was still sick in bed and he had not even been able to say good-bye to her. But she had written him a letter in which she said that she believed in him and was not angry with him for having begged. She would get well and she would wait for him even if she had to wait until he was eighteen.

But Henry missed something in the letter. His mother had not written anything about his having lied to her and that she forgave him for that. And Henry missed it because he himself had felt all the time that it was from that time that everything had gone wrong for him. He was happy to get the letter and he read it many times but every time he missed this most important part.

He had heard also from his teacher, Mr. Münther, who said that he had tried three times

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to see him and then he wrote something that Henry had read over and over again until he knew it by heart.

“Of all the boys I have ever had you were the one that I loved the most. I was always glad to see you after vacations and you were often in my thoughts while you were in Denmark. You were one of the few who helped me to preserve my joy in my work and therefore I cannot give up believing you. It cannot be true that you are guilty.”

All night Henry lay awake and his thoughts wandered from his mother to Mr. Münther and then to Barabbas and back to his mother. Could they help him? He was sentenced to stay here until he was eighteen. What would they say in Denmark if they knew that he was in a reform school, condemned for assault and robbery? It was only six months since he had left Denmark but much had happened in that time.

After a while Henry grew accustomed to his teachers, his comrades and his work. He soon made friends with the teachers. He attended to his duties faithfully and never spoke unless he was spoken to. But it was harder with his companions. They regarded his silence as a sign of superiority and Max's assurances that he was innocent did not help matters. At first they teased him in every

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way possible but this soon lost its novelty and they left him alone.

The day started at six; when they got up, dressed, made their beds and swept the floor. At half past six they ate breakfast, a piece of bread and a cup of tea, after which one of the teachers held a religious service. At seven lessons started and lasted until noon. From one until six they worked in the fields and in the shops and at eight they all went to bed.

Henry enjoyed the school hours most of all. He was put in the highest class and had no difficulty with his lessons. He found the practical work more difficult. He was assigned to the cabinetmakers' shop. But he was clumsy handling a hammer and he could not manage the plane.

"You must be more careful," the teacher often said. And Henry was careful but there was not much improvement. He found that Henry was better fitted for gardening but he did not wish to give him up. There was something about the boy that was lacking in the others.

Henry, too, noticed that Mr. Winther liked him and it was his first joy at the school. One evening after supper Mr. Winther called Henry to his room, asked him to sit down in a wicker chair and then, without saying anything, walked up and

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down the floor. Henry could not understand what was the matter. He ran over in his mind all that he had done that day but he could not think of anything wrong. And yet there must be something the matter, he could see it in Mr. Winther's face.

After sitting for a moment as if he were seeking the right words, Mr. Winther began to speak earnestly and without hesitation. His eyes rested on Henry with a mild expression and at times they seemed moist.

"There was once a boy about your age. His mother was dead and his father was bad and hated him. He wanted to emigrate to America but did not want to take the boy with him. He wanted to marry again and the boy was in the way. The boy wasn't wanted anywhere, he was hardly endured.

"But he had one friend and only one, his old teacher. *He* loved and understood him. He was a plain old man without much learning, but he understood how to find those who were in trouble and in need of love and help. He was a father to all whose existence was poor and gray.

"Then it happened once that the boy stole. He was going to a church festival but he had only a patched, faded coat. He stole a coat that was

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hanging outside of a shop. He had looked at it for many days and one evening he made the attempt. But he was detected and handed over to the police.

“His father gave witness against him that he had always been a bad, unreliable boy and others gave the same testimony. But his old teacher appeared in court and spoke so warmly in his favor that the judges received a different impression about him and sentenced him to the reform school. But the old teacher offered to take him into his own home and assured them that he would make a good boy out of him. The matter was arranged, the boy grew up in the school, and there he learned to know life from its light and good side. He learned to protect his honor and to realize how much love can do.”

Mr. Winther was silent and sat for a while staring in front of him. Then he stood up and looked out into the hall. On his return he resumed his former place and continued:

“I have told you this little story because during the past days I have been reminded of my old teacher for he was *my* teacher and I was the boy I have been telling you about. It is the memory of him that urges me to help you. And now you must listen carefully for this concerns you.

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Yesterday I was asked to meet a gentleman at the hotel. I could not learn his name and it was some time before he came to his real business which was to help get you out of here. He offered me money for my help but that made me angry and I was about to leave when he said that he had been your teacher in Vienna."

"Was it really Mr. Münther?" exclaimed Henry, his eyes shining brightly.

But Mr. Winther told him not to speak so loud.

"Yes, it was Mr. Münther. I learned his name later. He told me a great deal about you, Henry, about your home and your mother. He told me so much that I could no longer refuse to help you, that is to say, not exactly help you, but close my eyes and see that you get a start that will assure you your liberty. I don't know how it will be arranged and I don't want to know. But you will learn about it."

Mr. Winther sat in silence for a while, then he smiled and said:

"There are children who find it difficult to gain friends. That was the way with me. But I found one who helped me when I most needed help. There are other children who win friends everywhere and you are one of those. There are at

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least three who are working for you and who are willing to run serious risks for you. But I am afraid and I must protect myself. In the next three days I shall be severe with you. I shall begin to-morrow and I'll let my anger and dissatisfaction grow from day to day. As you know that it doesn't mean anything and that it is done in order to free me from suspicion, you can stand it. In a week you ought to be free."

When Mr. Winther had ceased speaking the joy had left Henry's eyes and he sat and stared disconsolately.

"Where shall I go when I come out?" he asked. "I can't go home for they would catch me there. But if I can't go home I might just as well stay here."

At first Mr. Winther looked disconcertedly at Henry, but gradually his voice grew stern.

"You must be brave, my boy. If you are innocent it will be proved in time. If you are guilty you must accept this help and let the memory of those who helped you protect you in the future. I don't know where you are going and I don't want to know, but when I trust the men who will help you, you must trust them too."

The conversation ended here and Henry went into his little room. He was dissatisfied with him-

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self but he could not persuade himself to be happy at the prospect of being free. He was afraid of escaping, he was afraid of being betrayed. Perhaps Mr. Winther would only lead him into a trap.

In the following days Mr. Winther was constantly scolding Henry and chasing him from one job to another. He frequently shook him and threatened him with punishment. At first Henry recollected their conversation but before long he was filled with doubt. Nobody would come to help him and Mr. Winther was only amusing himself by tormenting him.

Henry was about ready to give way to despair when Max ran away. Nobody knew when or how he had got away but his bed was untouched in the morning, the door was locked, and there were no footprints under the window. This gave Henry renewed hope, for Max had promised to find the other boy.

The rotund little Mr. Murmann tore his thin hair and asserted in a plaintive voice that he was innocent. It was certainly one of the boys from the hall over which he held watch but the boy was there at ten o'clock and he was sleeping quietly.

"Were you sleeping too?" the superintendent yelled, with the full force of his powerful lungs, and rushed into the dining room where all the

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boys sat at breakfast. "But I shall teach you, Mr. Murmann! and I shall teach the boys not to run away! Whoever runs away will get a flogging and the teacher who has charge of the boy I shall take care of. He will be recommended for discharge and he will be discharged, for my words carry weight."

The superintendent stood in front of Mr. Murmann with clenched hands and the boys and the other teachers expected that he would strike him. Suddenly there was a knock on the door.

"Come in!" cried the superintendent, turning round.

A major of infantry and two privates entered. The privates stood at either side of the door and the major advanced into the room.

"Are you the superintendent?" the officer asked, curtly.

"Yes," answered the superintendent, his voice trembling slightly as he looked at the soldiers at the door.

"I must ask you to accompany me," said the major. "At a recent court martial some facts about your conduct in the campaign in Galicia were discovered. Here is an order for your arrest. I hope you will come without resistance."

The superintendent stared at the paper and his

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brow was covered with great drops. He gasped for breath as if he had received a heavy blow.

"I don't understand it," he stammered. "But I must follow. It is terrible. Everything was going so well."

Mr. Murmann, who felt considerably relieved, stole out, but when Mr. Winther was about to follow him he was stopped.

"Come here!" said the major, nodding to him. He obeyed and was told to have the boys led back to their rooms. "Take care that none of them run away. I have orders to appoint one of the teachers as acting superintendent," said the major.

Two minutes after Henry had been locked into his room he was brought out again and put into an automobile which immediately started off.

"Where am I going?" asked Henry, looking confusedly at a tall, powerful man who had helped him into a seat. "Let me out! I don't want to go away." He struggled to free himself but the unknown man held him firmly. "Be quiet, Henry!" the latter whispered. "You are free now and I shall bring you to a safe place."

When Henry heard the voice he felt relieved for he recognized it. It was Barabbas who sat beside

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him but he had shaved off his beard and his hair was cut so that he was quite changed.

"Is it you?" whispered Henry. "I was so scared. I didn't know you."

"I promised you that I would come," said Barabbas, putting his arm about Henry. "It took a long time, but Mr. Münther and Major Brunow wished to wait. They made the plan and they have promised that nothing will go wrong. It is lucky that you have those two friends for I couldn't have done anything without them."

"But the officer who was here is not Major Brunow, is he? What has the superintendent done?" asked Henry. "Will he go to prison?"

"No," Barabbas laughed. "He probably hasn't done anything wrong. They were not real, the soldiers and the officer. They were Major Brunow's idea. They will hold the superintendent in a little house near Vienna for a day. When he gets back you will be in safety and he will have only his own stupidity to thank for it."

"Where are we going?" asked Henry. It was difficult for him to collect his thoughts, but he realized that he was free.

The old prison guard told him that they were going to a suburb of Graz where he had a half brother who had promised to look after Henry for

THE REFORM SCHOOL

the present. From there they planned to get him to Denmark or Holland but that was not easy to arrange for they would need forged passports, a risky business.

“Our best hope is to find the boy who was with Max in the robbery,” Barabbas concluded. “Then everything will be all right.”

XXIV

NEWS FROM DENMARK

BARABBAS sat in a poor little room in a dark courtyard by Henry's bed. Spring had come, the air was mild and the songs of birds resounded. But Barabbas felt no joy in the spring. He was tired and discouraged and everything seemed to him to go wrong. Had he not rejoiced at freeing Henry and at the thought that everything would be all right? And now the boy lay in bed for the second week. He had no definite sickness but the hard usage of the past six months had broken him down.

He had not noticed it during the drive but when they had reached their goal and the suspense was over Henry had collapsed and a frightened, despairing expression had come into his eyes. At night he lay in bed tossing about without being able to fall asleep. Every once in a while he complained as if he were in great trouble and when Barabbas spoke to him he had begged him not to go back to Vienna.

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"You must stay. I am afraid to be here alone."

Barabbas remained although it interfered with his plans. Henry did not improve but grew worse. He could neither eat nor sleep and at last he had to stay in bed although the doctor said that he was not ill.

Barabbas sat and shook his head. It could not continue this way much longer. But what was to be done? A visit from Henry's mother might help but that was dangerous. She was undoubtedly watched by the police and would be followed to Henry's hiding place. Barabbas did not know what to do. He bent over Henry who had been lying with his eyes closed.

"You must get up to-morrow," he said, smiling. "We will go for a walk; that will do you good."

"They will catch me," Henry whispered. "I am afraid to go. Let me stay in bed. I am so tired; I can't go."

"We'll get up and go as soon as it is light. Then we will not meet anybody. You *must* get up, Henry! You can't stay in bed any longer."

Henry did not answer but closed his eyes and lay quietly as if he were about to fall asleep. But Barabbas was not willing to let him go.

"You must be sensible, Henry," he said. "You

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asked me to stay here and I did, although I ought to be in Vienna. I should have been in court to-day and now they will believe that I have run away. Now you must obey me. I am old and experienced and you must remember that I have already risked a good deal for you."

Henry saw that the old guard was right and he promised to get up next morning. He did not sleep much that night and towards dawn he came to think of Stephen. He had known him so short a time but he would never forget him. He was good and patient and grateful. That brought Henry to realize that he had not been at all grateful. He had secured his freedom again and had many kind friends to help him. He had good reason to be happy but yet he did not feel happy, only tired and frightened; everything was so hard that it did not seem as if it could ever be any better.

He was diverted from his thoughts by Barabas' coming in with the tea.

"Now you must hurry," he said. "The sun will soon be up and we are going on a mountain climb. The view up there is best at sunrise."

"Can't I stay home?" Henry asked. "I can't climb the mountain."

"You will go up there if I have to carry you,"

NEWS FROM DENMARK

Barabbas exclaimed. "This coddling has got to stop. If you don't get up yourself I will pull you out of bed and if you don't do as I say I will whip you."

Henry looked in terror at Barabbas. Was he in earnest? He looked irritated and angry. He got up and they started off. The choir of birds was singing but they met nobody on the streets of the village.

When they had reached the top of the mountain Barabbas took Henry's hand and said:

"Now I will help you and you must not be afraid. I talked a little severely to you this morning because I wanted to get you up. But it was for your sake and I didn't mean anything by it."

"I am glad that we came out," said Henry. "It is beautiful here and the air is so fresh. We must take care that nobody sees us."

"There isn't much danger even if some one should see us," Barabbas assured him. "There are not many policemen out here."

Now they ascended a narrow path and were soon in the forest. There were beech trees, with their straight, bright trunks and their wide-spread crowns, the slender acacias, stiff firs and scattered among them were lilac bushes. All the trees were

HENRY AND HIS TRAVELS

in their spring dress and breathed a perfume that was almost stupefying.

Henry pressed Barabbas' hand. He was almost overpowered by the luxuriant life and beauty of nature but he felt a wonderful calm and joy.

"It is as beautiful here as in Denmark," he said. "I think it is almost more beautiful."

It was a long way to the ruin and the path grew steeper and steeper. Henry was tired but he kept on. At last he had to give in. He had lost so much strength during the past weeks.

"Can't we rest?" he asked, "just for a few minutes. I can't breathe."

"We are soon up there and before we look about the castle I shall tell you something that will make you happy."

"Tell me now," Henry begged.

"No, I have kept it all the way," said Barabbas, "and you must wait. I learned about it yesterday and decided not to tell about it until we had reached the ruin."

As a result of this news Henry was soon rested and he sprang up.

"Let us hurry!" he cried. Barabbas smiled to himself.

They reached the ruined castle from the south side and went into the courtyard. They lay down

NEWS FROM DENMARK

under some lilac bushes and made themselves comfortable.

“Tell me now!” Henry begged. “Now we are here.”

“While I was making tea this morning I made so much noise that I woke up my brother and his bad conscience too. He came and gave me a letter which he had carried in his pocket for two days. All my letters are addressed to him, you know. The letter was from Major Brunow and he wrote that he had written to your foster parents in Denmark and that they were very much surprised that you had not heard from them in so long a time. They had sent letters and packages but you always wrote that you had not heard from them. They wrote that they had not heard from you since Christmas. Major Brunow wrote to Denmark to learn if you might go there and he told everything. The answer was that you would be welcome to stay there always. Now we must find the boy who was with Max in the robbery. Then you will be free and can go safely.”

“But what became of the letters and packages?” Henry asked. “Why haven’t we got them?”

“Because they were stolen. Two men at the post office have been arrested but it is believed that there are others. The thieves are very clever.

HENRY AND HIS TRAVELS

As soon as they have stolen one package they take everything from Denmark so as not to be discovered."

Henry sat for a moment and bit a blade of grass. Then he exclaimed:

"So they haven't forgotten us! If we could only go to Denmark." His face had grown lively, his eyes were bright and there was a little smile on his lips. "When can we get off?" he asked. "In a week or two? Oh, how fine it will be!"

"Wait a minute," laughed Barabbas. "You must first get your freedom. Then you will enjoy the trip all the more."

"I had forgotten that," Henry said, somewhat subdued. "Will that take long?"

"I don't know," Barabbas said. "Major Brunow wrote that there was no news. But it can come soon. Don't you think you could be alone here for a few days? I would like to go to Vienna and perhaps I could help the case along. I should like to talk with Max."

"Yes, you may go," Henry said, after a little reflection. "But I dare not go out while you are gone."

Barabbas consented to this and they sat for a while talking about the future. Then Barabbas arose and they started to roam through the ruins.

NEWS FROM DENMARK

Henry asked many questions which Barabbas was able to answer for he had spent his childhood and youth in the neighborhood and had often played about the ruins. After they had seen the tower and the remnants of the chapel Barabbas led Henry through underbrush to the brow of the mountain from which there was an extensive view.

Far below lay the green plains through which the river Mur wound. To the west and southwest the view was shut off by the mountains. But the view towards Graz was free and the beautiful mountain town appeared at its best from the height. A haze hung over the town but the castle with the remains of the old fortress was plainly visible—like a glorious crown on a beautiful head.

Barabbas rejoiced at seeing his childhood home again and it was noon before Henry induced him to return to the courtyard where they intended to stay until dusk. They found a cozy place in a corner of the wall behind a thicket where they ate their dinner, some dry bread which Barabbas had brought in his pocket. Henry had a nap that lasted several hours. Afterwards Barabbas told him all that he knew about the castle including the legend of the knight's young daughter Anna von Gösting who leaped from a precipice because she could not marry the man she loved.

HENRY AND HIS TRAVELS

When darkness began to wrap itself about the mountain they started for home, which they did not reach until late at night. But Henry slept soundly all night. He was tired out and he was quieter in his mind.

XXV

FREEDOM

B.ARABBAS had been to Vienna twice, but each time on his return he had to tell Henry there was no news. They could not find the boy and Max had disappeared. Then one day a telegram came to Barabbas:

Come immediately. Boy found. Let Henry stay.

Barabbas took the first train and for two days Henry heard nothing from him. He was almost in despair when Barabbas appeared and Henry could see from his expression that everything had been arranged.

“Tell me! tell me!” cried Henry.

“Let me come in first,” the giant laughed.

“Hurry! Am I free? Does everybody know that I am not a thief?”

Barabbas began to tell about it all.

“Look you, Henry, Judge Gronemann deserves a good share of your thanks. He called on your mother the other day and was very unhappy. He had just examined a boy who confessed that he

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had been in the robbery on Johanesgasse. He had planned it and he gave a description that showed that he was telling the truth.

"Your mother then sent word to Mr. Münther and Major Brunow and they agreed to telegraph me. Now everything has been arranged. We finally found Max and he recognized the boy. You are cleared and free. The case against me has been dismissed. I keep my position and I have made peace with Judge Gronemann. It is a long time since I have seen a man as unhappy as he was. I think he will be more careful in the future and that will be a good thing all around. Nobody knows how you escaped from the reform school. That is a secret that the superintendent is wondering about."

When Barabbas had ceased speaking Henry asked:

"Are mother and I going to Denmark?"

"Yes, that's why you are to stay here," said Barabbas. "To-morrow your mother is coming and we will get your passports here. Major Brunow thought it would be easier than in Vienna. He thinks he can arrange to have you stay in Denmark as long as you wish."

"I can hardly believe that it is true," said Henry. His voice was thick and the tears poured down

FREEDOM

his cheeks. Then he threw his arms about Barabbas' neck.

One day early in June a little company sat on the terrace of the Hotel Daniel in Graz. There were Henry and his mother, Barabbas, Major Brunow, Mr. Münther and Barabbas' half-brother and the latter's wife. Major Brunow was host. They had just finished a very simple dinner of ham and black bread and were enjoying a cup of coffee. They were in good humor, especially Henry and his mother, for they had just received the passports and could leave whenever they wished.

"Fortunate pair!" said Mr. Münther, turning towards Henry and his mother. "It has always been my desire to travel and see other countries, but I have never succeeded in doing it. You have, Henry, and you should be happy. But do not forget us."

Henry looked at his teacher and his eyes filled with tears. There was joy at the prospect of the journey but there was also grief. If he could only take all those whom he loved with him.

Barabbas had for a long time been restless. Now he cleared his throat and feverishly dried his face with his handkerchief.

HENRY AND HIS TRAVELS

"I want to—I wish to say something," he stammered. "I am no speaker but if I may sit down I can say what I want to say. What I want to say I will say to you, Henry. We have had war here and war is the worst thing there is. That's my opinion but no matter about that.

"The War has killed thousands of our children and has forced thousands into the mire without their fault. You were about to be caught on the street, Henry, but now you are saved. You are one of the lucky ones who find it easy to make friends. You have friends in Denmark and they will help you. You have friends here and we helped you in your need.

"You have got friends, my boy, but there follows a great responsibility. You must act so that they will be proud of you and will never have cause to be ashamed of you.

"I wish that I might help many others for there are so many here who need help. I have been talking nonsense but I say: we demand that you become a real man."

Barabbas dried his brow and seized Henry's hand and pressed it so hard that Henry winced.

"I shall come back and I shall become a clever man," Henry whispered to Barabbas and Barabbas nodded.

FREEDOM

"I shall wait for you. I am of a tough old stock and I shall wait for you."

It was almost train time and the company broke up. Major Brunow, Mr. Münther and Barabbas were going back to Vienna and the others accompanied them to the station. The parting was affecting, especially for Henry.

"Greet all your friends in Denmark," said Mr. Münther.

"From me too," said Barabbas. "Greet the old fisherman, Mads Dyre. I like him."

"I shall come this summer and visit you," said Major Brunow.

The train started and they waved their last farewells.

XXVI

BACK TO DENMARK

THE June sun lay over the land and there was not a cloud in the sky.

"It will be too warm," complained the sheep, breathing heavily.

"Bah! bah! Is that anything to talk about?" cried the small lambs, springing over the green sward. They waved their tails and found everything glorious. The sand on the beach was burning hot and the water was lukewarm. It was summer, summer in Denmark.

Henrik Lund and his wife came through the gate of Kjaerholm and after them came Carl and Maren. They looked as if they were marching in a procession and they all had something to carry.

"In three hours they will be here," said Henrik Lund. He had a water pail in one hand and a new meat chopper in the other.

"It will be fine to see them again. I hope they will be pleased with our arrangements," answered Mrs. Lund.

"Why shouldn't they be pleased? They will

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have their own little house and they can visit us whenever they choose. Mrs. Selmer will find a full cupboard when she comes and it will never be empty. We can attend to that easily."

They reached their goal, a little house about six hundred feet from the farmhouse. It had been unoccupied for many years but it had been scoured inside and out so that it looked very cozy. There were two rooms, one furnished as a sleeping room, the other as a living room. Most of the furniture was old but everything was tastefully arranged.

Maren sat down in a big armchair, but Mrs. Lund busied herself with the last touches. She was secretly proud of the little home they had created and hoped that Mrs. Selmer would be pleased with it.

Carl rushed in and cried:

"Father, we have forgotten something. There is a chicken house but there are no chickens. They must have chickens. Henry loves animals and so does his mother. May I bring some?"

Mr. Lund laughed at Carl's eagerness.

"I'm afraid they will run back home. It is so near. But you may try it, Carl. Catch a rooster and five hens. Tie a string around their legs so that you will know them."

"The chickens are really mine," said Mrs. Lund,

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trying to look offended, "but you may take them, Carl."

"Oh, now I am in hot water again," sighed Mr. Lund.

"It isn't the first time," was Maren's sarcastic reply.

"They must have a cat too," exclaimed Carl. "We have plenty of cats. They may have one of the gray ones. We will put it in the kitchen with a saucer of milk and it will stay there."

"I'm afraid to say anything," Mr. Lund replied. "Ask Maren or your mother. I don't know who has charge of the cats."

"The mistress has charge of the chickens because they have two legs," said Maren, proudly. "The cats have four legs and you look after them."

"Thank you for the explanation," laughed Mr. Lund. "You have two legs, Maren, and therefore my wife has charge of you. Now I understand."

The meeting between Henry and his Danish friends was uproarious but after the first greetings he found it difficult to feel at home for so much had happened since his last visit. But it was easier when the lamp had been lighted and they all sat around the table. Henry told about his mother and himself, about little Stephen and Barabbas

BACK TO DENMARK

and Mr. Münther and Major Brunow. At first he found difficulty in expressing himself in Danish but he quickly recalled it and after a while he spoke almost as fluently as when he left Denmark.

Mr. Lund told Henry about the house they had made ready and about all the other arrangements. He asked him to tell his mother and Henry translated what Mr. Lund had said. Mrs. Selmer shook her head and with tears in her eyes assured them that she would earn their food. She would work at sewing if they would help them until she had learned to speak Danish.

Mr. Lund told her to arrange things as she wished. But she must have everything she needed. For the present she and Henry were his guests.

While they were sitting drinking coffee Mads Dyre came. It was late but he had been out with his sole nets and he wished to greet Henry.

"Your cheeks have grown thin," said Mads Dyre.

"Yes."

"They haven't treated you well."

"No, not good all, but some."

Mads was invited to join the company and they were all happy together. They renewed memories of the first visit and now they were all happy memories.

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"Do you remember, Maren, when Henry tried to teach you to swim? That was the first evening he was here. But the tub was too small and you didn't learn." Mr. Lund recalled this story. He was fond of teasing Maren and he declared that she could not get along without it.

"No, that was not Henry," Carl declared, eagerly. "Maren wished to see if Henry had fleas. Then she got afraid of him and tumbled into the tub. She fell herself; he did not touch her."

"Talk all you choose," said Maren, very peaceably. "I only wanted to save Marie Lund's pretty bed. I didn't know how his head looked; he was a foreigner."

Old Mads Dyre nodded to Henry and said:

"You must come over to see me often. It was such fun when you and Carl came. It puts life in an old fellow to have boys around."

"Yes, I'll come to-morrow," Henry assured him. At the same moment he thought of Barab-bas and gave Mads Dyre his greeting.

When the clock struck twelve Mr. Lund arose and said:

"Now we must all go to bed. We can't sleep till noon. Our guests must need rest. I order you all to march off."

They accompanied Henry and his mother to

BACK TO DENMARK

their new home. Maren had gone ahead and lighted lamps both in the living rooms and the kitchen, so that the house was fully illuminated when they reached it, but unfortunately the cat had left.

When Mrs. Selmer had crossed the threshold she stopped and looked about in confusion. Then she hid her head in her hands.

“What is the matter, mother? Why do you cry?” asked Henry trying to remove her hands.

“I am crying for joy. Think, Henry, that we two will have such a beautiful home. Tell them that it is too pretty. Thank them and say that we can never repay them.”

Henry translated his mother's words and Mrs. Selmer herself expressed her thanks which they did not understand. Maren sniffed, Mads Dyre left, and Mr. Lund began to tease Maren. Maren declared that he teased her so as not to sniffle himself. But Mrs. Lund took both of Mrs. Selmer's hands and pressed them warmly, and Mrs. Selmer understood that language—it was the same in Austria and Denmark.

(1)

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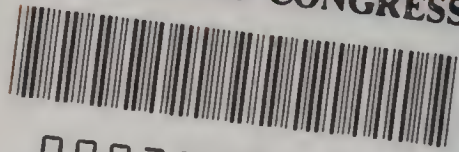
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